"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

VOL. 14, NO. 4. LOS ANGELES APRIL, 1901

THE COLORADO RIVER.

AT HIGH WATER, JUNE, 1900

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

Long, silent leagues of ever-shifting sand,
White-hot and shimmering to the distant hills
Where wheeling slow the whirlwind dips and fills,
Or beckons like some shadowy, giant hand;
Gray wisps of greasewood and mesquite that stand
In withered patches like an old man's beard,
Ragged and grizzled; nearer, dark and weird,
The river slips along the cringeing land,
Swift to possess and loath to give again;
Foam-ribbed and sullen, staggering with the weight
Of forests spoiled, he takes his price in full;
Stern toll for every drop to land and men—
In witness there—poor pawn of love or hate!—
Caught in a drift a grinning human skull.

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WIZARDS OF THE GARDEN.

(THIRD PAPER.)

CARL PURDY AND THE NATIVE BULBS

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

WHILE California was still a Mexican province that sturdy Scotchman, David Douglas, the famous botanist and plant-discoverer, found and described some of the wild bulb-gardens of the Pacific Coast. This was between 1827 and 1833, and he sent bulbs of many species to England, where they were grown, exhibited at floral shows, named, described, illustrated with color plates and much admired. It was generally felt by horticulturists that most valuable additions had thus been made to the gardens of Europe.

These glowing expectations were doomed to a long disappointment, for there was then no Carl Purdy to study the habits and surroundings of the native bulbs, week in and week out, at all seasons, in all parts of California, and so to master his subject as to be able to simplify their undoubtedly difficult culture, finally making it practicable in both Europe and America to grow these most beautiful plants as easily as anemones, tulips and hyacinths. Importation after importation had failed utterly, and European gardeners had given up the effort until hardly a catalogue ventured to list these shy, wild bulbs of California; even when a few species appeared, it was without cultural directions, and at prices which kept them beyond the reach of the average purse.

Now, this was not a small matter, though it might easily seem so to a casual observer. Here was a neglected industry; here was a very large group of many genera and species of bulbous-rooted plants, natives of the Pacific Coast, quite lost sight of, while the bulb-flora of regions like South Africa was receiving all possible attention from collectors, dealers, growers and plant-breeders.

CARL PURDY, JAN., 1901.

The work of making this neglected class of plants widely known required peculiar qualities, a combination, in brief, of the equipments of field-botanist, horticulturist and business organizer. During the last twenty years, a very interesting Californian,

MARKING VARIETIES OF LILIUM WASHINGTONIUM IN PURDY'S GARDEN.

Carl Purdy of Ukiah, has built up connections all over the world, has created a trade in Pacific Coast bulbs, has made an enviable reputation at home and abroad as a specialist upon their culture and botany, and is now working, with Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, to develop new races of California hybrid and cross-bred lilies. More than this, he is steadily developing unthought-of possibilities in the way of cultivating species of exotic bulbs here, so that California, under his guidance, bids fair to become more of a world's bulb-garden than Holland or the Channel Isles—and bulb-growing represents one of the very highest arts of intensive horticulture.

Carl Purdy was born at Dansville, Michigan, March 16th, 1861. His ancestors on both sides were among the first settlers in colonial Connecticut. When he was only four years old, his parents "crossed the plains" by the old emigrant trail, stopping for a time at Truckee Meadows, Nevada. But in 1870 the family settled down in fertile and beautiful Ukiah Valley, in the heart of Mendocino county, and here the boy grew up, fought his way to a fair education, was for a time a school-teacher, married a very helpful and attractive wife, and little by little took up his life-work, this new bulb-culture, which may possibly prove to be the occupation of his family for several generations to come.

The first distinct view that we obtain of this tall, gray-eyed California boy, back in the Seventies, is that of a faithful little toiler, "making garden" for an elder sister, and visiting a famous old Glasgow Scotchman, Alexander McNab, who had made his home in the valley and was a notable flower-lover, receiving rare plants and seeds from every part of the world. The broad, thinly-settled valley and the dull, narrow-hearted village seemed to offer little or nothing to keep any boy there; others left to look for wider activities. But this boy held on, quietly, patiently, weaving his web of life in the land where he belonged, and that, as I take it, is much to his credit. At the age of eighteen he was teaching a small country school.

About this time (1879) some American firm of seedsmen wrote to Mr. McNab asking if native bulbs could not be obtained. He turned the letter over to the young school-teacher, and the latter sent a pressed Calochortus flower, and afterward sold "a hundred bulbs for $1.50," the beginning of a business that gradually increased until by 1888 school-teaching was given up, and at the present time Mr. Purdy gives most of his attention to the business, distributes yearly something like a quarter of a million native bulbs to European and American wholesalers, employs a

number of assistant collectors, and has become recognized as the greatest living authority on Pacific Coast bulbs. Nevertheless the bulk of his business is done with a few large firms, and he sells few bulbs in California, for as yet there is hardly any demand at home. Our own bulbs are too different from the old florist types, but flower-lovers are beginning to recognize their value.

At the present time the Californian bulbs known to planters consist of about one hundred and forty-five distinct varieties and species. The Brodiæas, handsome, hardy bulbs with showy, long-keeping flowers in umbels, chiefly white, blue, purple, yellow, lilac or pink in color, include about thirty species grouped by Purdy in six sections. The Calochorti, which include some of the most graceful as well as some of the most showy flowers in the world, consist of about forty species and varieties, arranged by Purdy in three sections and a number of minor groups and strains. This family represents one of the most difficult of known assemblages of species for the botanist to classify, on account of remarkable variations resulting from natural crosses and hybrids through ages past. It is only a tireless field-botanist who is capable of writing a monograph on the great Calochortus family with its lovely "star tulips" (once called cyclobothras); its "sego lilies" from Utah; its dazzling scarlet species of the desert (C. Kennedyi); its superb yellow "clavatus" forms, and its hardy and vigorous types of the true Mariposas, or "butterfly tulips." These and many other forms growing wild, closely approach each other by gradations of the most interesting character which in the end bring to grief the mere closet-botanist who is always in danger of clinging too closely to his type specimen. Besides these families of bulbs, there are the Camassias, food-bulbs of bears and Indians; the exquisite Erythroniums (dog-tooth violets); the Fritillarias, Bloomerias and Trilliums, the fine Clintonias of our redwood forests, and many other beautiful bulbs which are becoming favorites in distant lands.

The wild lilies collected by Mr. Purdy include about fifteen species, arranged by him in four groups. Some resemble the well known tiger-lily; some are white, yellow or pink, and, taken collectively, they form one of the most promising of beginnings for the plant-breeder. It is in such lilies that Luther Burbank has made an especially interesting "new departure." Some of the California wild lilies, as they grow in the mountains in localities adapted to their finest development, form wonderful masses of color and motion. I have seen L. Humboldti at its splendid best on a spring-fed mountain slope beside the American River, where

MRS. KERSLY'S DAFFODIL GARDEN IN JANUARY.

an acre of tall plants in full carnelian-red splendor stood with stems a handsbreadth apart, under giant conifers, moving, flashing, in the Sierra wind and sun. But no one has yet succeeded in finding the wholly satisfactory kind of lily to endure drought and trying conditions of the average garden. Therefore years ago Mr. Purdy and Mr. Burbank began to work upon the interesting problem—one, by choosing hardiest stock and native hybrids; the other by crossing and raising thousands of seedlings. Finally, after much selection from these, the best were sent to a natural lily-garden in the mountains between Mendocino and Lake counties, where Mr. Purdy watches and works to improve them still further. There is no other lily-garden in the world that holds more promise of improvement and more hardy types than this. Color, shape and habit of growth have all developed surprisingly, and the end is not yet.

It is probable that these two men will here in ten years produce more new and desirable varieties of lilies than have been produced by all the lily-growers in the world during the last century.

Leaving these things, let us return to Purdy, the man, as he appears to an observer these January days of 1901. Different in almost all outward respects from Burbank, at once more Puritan, more saturnine, more weighted down with a sense of life's responsibilities, and nevertheless more blessed with an underlying humor, he is not unlike Burbank in his love of the outdoor world and his absolute veracity. He has more interests, more diversity of occupations and more social relations than our garden-centered marvel, Burbank, and he possesses in a higher degree those organizing faculties which can use subordinates. He has written and published a good deal, sometimes on topics of merely local interest, but oftener on subjects of more permanent importance. I had hoped to make room for a list of his botanical papers, but can only speak briefly of the more important of these. They are scattered through the ten volumes of Professor Sargent's *Garden and Forest*, the recent issues (since 1897) of the *London Garden*, the *Mayflower*, and *Erythea*. Often they are upon redwoods and other forest topics; many are botanical and outdoor studies, and all are singularly simple, exact and convincing. His *magnum opus*, now in press, soon to appear as a publication of the California Academy of Science, is titled, "Revision of the Genus Calochortus." This really represents the botanical labor of twenty years, and it should secure Mr. Purdy an honorable place among the specialists.

Summing up Mr. Purdy's work for California horticulture, it can truthfully be said that he first made the collec-

100 DOZEN DAFFODILS READY FOR MARKET.

tion and sale of wild bulbs successful by studying and systematizing their culture in his own Ukiah garden, after collecting them in their native places. He then devoted special attention to lilies and calochortuses, selecting and introducing the best strains. It only remained for him to develop general bulb-culture, and this is now one of his most important lines of work. He believes that nearly all the profitable species of bulbs grown for market in the older centers of horticulture can be grown quite as well here as in France or Holland. In some respects we have advantages over the classic bulb-growing regions, and Mr. Purdy is now growing daffodils and other bulbs expecting to ship the future crop to bulb-merchants abroad.

A GLIMPSE OF PURDY'S LILY-GARDEN.

Daffodil culture heretofore has been only a flower industry in California. Nearly all the daffodil gardens are close to the Bay of San Francisco. The largest and oldest is situated near Niles, but as that is a family affair, it would hardly be proper to expound its advantages here. All daffodil gardens are glorious when in bloom, and are favorites of art and literature. Central and Northern California seem better suited to the large-scale culture of daffodils, jonquils and other species of Narcissi than do the southern counties.

Daffodils grown in the valleys are not so early as those grown on the hillsides, and thus it happens that the finest

100 DOZEN DAFFODILS READY FOR MARKET.

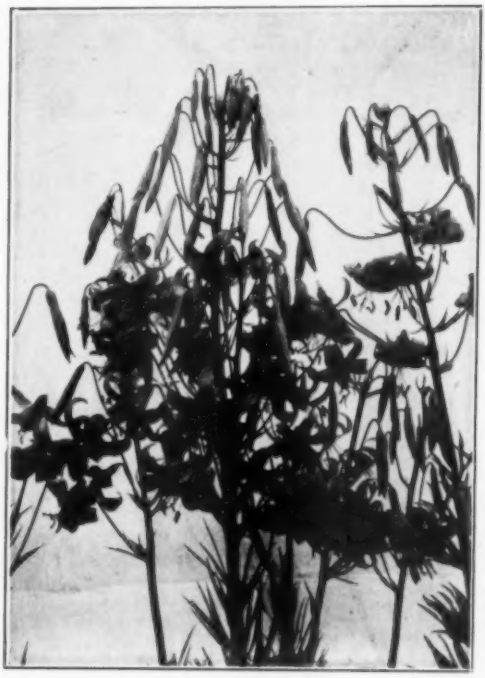
IN A LILY FIELD.

A 2-PETALED SEEDLING LILY.

daffodils that the wealth and fashion of San Francisco are able to wear come from a most excellently kept garden, that of Mrs. Ivy Kersey, at Haywards, Alameda county. This lady has long collected the leading species and varieties of daffodils—those that Barr and others have found, and that Burbidge, Englehardt and others have hybridized, cross-bred and improved almost beyond reckoning. She certainly takes high rank among daffodil-growers of California, and is also doing good work with Spanish and English irises and other genera of bulbs. Like Mr. Purdy she believes it possible that California will become a leading bulb-producer, and is trying experiments with cross-breeding varieties. But as long as the flowers are in such demand,

SEVERAL SPECIES OF CALOCHORTI.
(California Mariposa Tulips.)

bulb-gardens near San Francisco will continue to supply chiefly the flower markets. Some of these days if our plant-breeders produce sufficiently improved varieties of the Irises, Gladioli or Narcissi, whole carloads of California-grown bulbs may go forth to the uttermost bounds of civilization.



LILY SPIKES, IN THE FIELD.

There is already a large and increasing demand for California-grown seeds of vegetables and flowers and trees. Some of the most beautiful garden-acres that the wide earth has to show are in Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Mateo, San Rafael, Alameda, Humboldt and other counties for the production of "out-door" seeds, which are larger, heavier, more highly vitalized than seeds of corresponding species and varieties gathered in Europe, often from pot-grown plants under artificial conditions. Even the "novelties" of the modern seed catalogue do not always come from Europe. But the story of California as a seed-growing land, though one of the most attractive chapters of modern horticultural history, must be left until "a more convenient season." Every one of our famous seed-growers, here as elsewhere, is shaking pollen dust on opening pistils and sowing seeds of promise. Thus it has come to pass that there is now as much need of a book upon California floriculture as there

ever was for books (which we fortunately have) upon "California Fruits" and "California Vegetables."

In conclusion, however, returning to the two men whose work for horticulture has been briefly considered in these three papers, we are brought face to face with a problem. Our Government each year appropriates $40,000 to each State in two funds, the Morrill Aid and the Hatch, more than half of which is used for agricultural education and for experiment stations. Why is it, men sometimes ask, that such productive energies as those of Luther Burbank and Carl Purdy are not somewhere employed in this immense governmental system? Why should not the State and the Nation utilize such a plant-breeder as Burbank, who has produced more "novelties" in ten years than all the experiment stations of America? And the answer is this: such a man cannot be harnessed to a small salary, strict supervision and the complicated machinery of official life. He must forever "walk alone like a rhinoceros." He has not had the close training required to plan and organize scientific experiments such as those carried on at Rothamstead in England, and at many places in America. Much less can he become the hireling of any system, to make reports, answer questions, obey orders and give up his present independence. The experiment stations do require and obtain great practical talents and high scientific attainments, and they are working in harmony with all that is done by such strongly individualized horticulturists as Burbank; but beyond all this, they are studying and endeavoring to apply those principles which in the largest sense underlie all agriculture. Modern, intensive horticulture is a resultant of the teachings and practice of the best agricultural science as exemplified in the experiment stations, and one of the most favorable signs of the future of this science in America is the increasing number of men and women of skill, often of positive genius, who are magicians, according to their several abilities, in Nature's limitless realm of fruits and flowers.

University of California.

ARD-RIGH DAFFODILS, AT HAYWARDS.

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL."

Copyright 1891 by Chas. F. Lummis.

MONTEZUMA'S WELL AND THE SODA SPRING, ARIZONA.

BY A. E. DOUGLASS.

TO an Eastern man it is remarkable how quickly and cheaply a camping party in Arizona is organized and started. For our proposed nine-day trip south from Flagstaff it was only necessary to borrow all the supplies for the eight members of our party, and the wagon, from various neighbors. On the morning of our departure the freight wagon with its driver—who is also an excellent cook—stopped at the principal store of the town and took on board a plentiful supply of canned goods, flour and vegetables. At the very comfortable hour of ten o'clock the "ambulance" picked up the members of the party, the ladies displaying becoming sunbonnets, while the gentlemen were in old clothes and riding leggings. The canteens were filled—for in this country water cannot be had for the asking—and we started off.

The season had been rainy and the roads were bad, so the first night we stopped at Munn's ranch, only twenty-one miles from town. It was well we were not obliged to

LOG CABINS ON DRY BEAVER CREEK.

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL."

use our tents, for it rained all night. The ladies had the ranchman's cabin, a log house with a fine big fireplace, but somewhat over-ventilated, as the window had been carried away, and some former visitors had used a log from the side of the house for firewood. The gentlemen's protection was a shed close by, clean and dry but lacking one end, and showing large openings in the wall on all sides. The rain, however, came down vertically and we were perfectly dry.

The next day carried us out of the pine forest down to a lower level where the junipers grow. This level is a plain fifteen miles wide, caused by a lava stream spreading out over a flat layer of limestone. We passed in succession Pine Tanks, Cedar Tanks and Rattlesnake Tanks (a "tank" is a little pool of dirty water—the only water to be had in this desolate region), and camped at Devil's Cavern, having passed over, that day, some of the worst roads in Arizona. The night was clear and beautiful, and we spread upon the open ground, near the campfire, each our sheet of canvas with several very heavy Indian blankets upon it.

Devil's Cavern was the least noticeable object in the surroundings. A little way from the road there was a slight depression in the otherwise level ground, and at the center of this a hole four feet long by two wide. Standing over it one could perceive that it opened into a large cave with tree-trunks passing from side to side down which one might climb. It was just twenty feet down to the top of the huge pile of debris which stood in the center of the cavern. The actual floor was twenty feet lower yet, and passageways extended one hundred feet in one direction and two hundred in another.

The third day took us past the "Rim," another descent to a lower level—a level where, from the heat and dryness, trees do not grow at all except along water-courses. Here at last we reached Beaver Creek—fifty miles from Flagstaff and only 3300 feet above the sea—and settled ourselves at Finney's ranch.

Just before reaching the creek the road passes near Montezuma's Well, the great natural curiosity of this region. It is a large circular opening in the ground, some four hundred feet across and a hundred feet deep. The walls are precipitous, and are here and there lined with well preserved dwellings of the ancient Indian inhabitants of the country, whose name and history were long since lost. At the bottom of the well is a pool of water three hundred feet long by two hundred wide. Its color is dark green, and its depth, recently measured, varies between 60 and 85 feet. Around the edge of the pond, and twenty feet from shore,

is a fringe of weeds, but the taste of the water is good; and after once passing the line of weeds the swimming is delightful. The "well" is fed by some hidden spring and has an outlet.

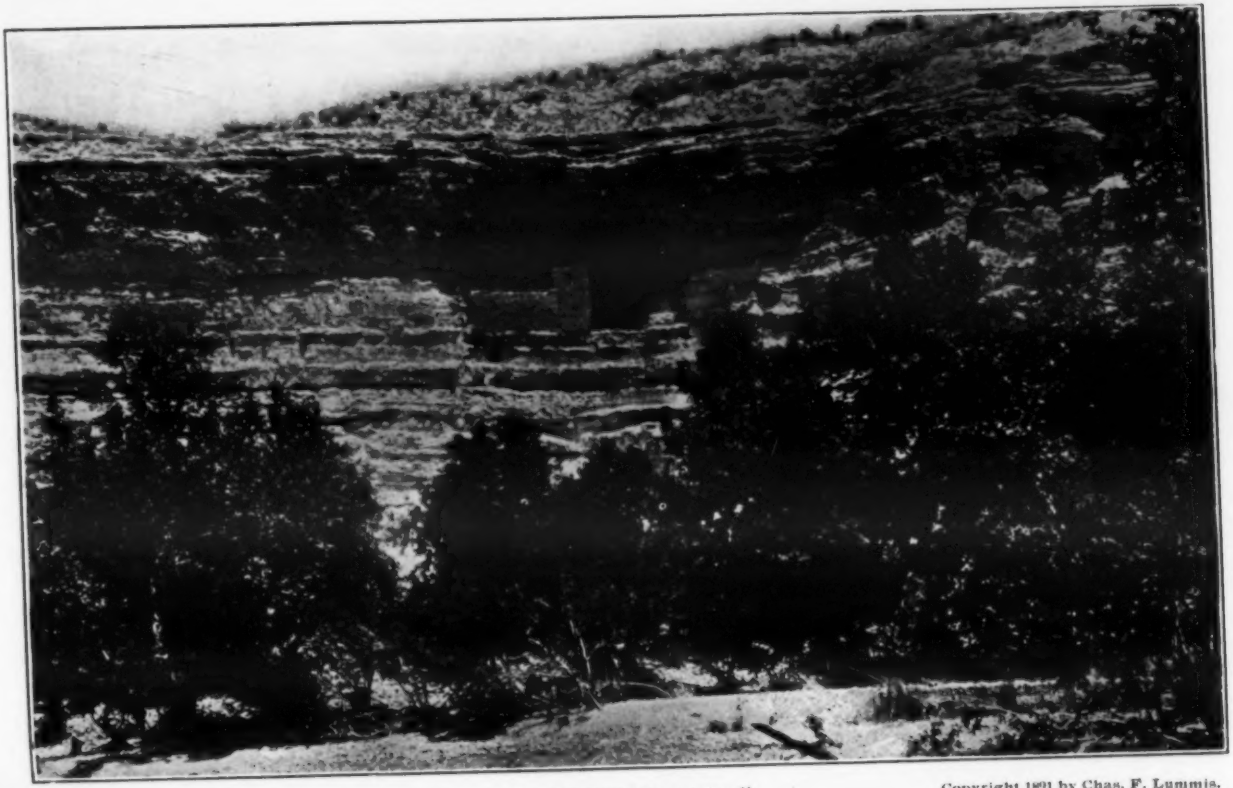
The well is in a hill, and its southern wall is less than forty feet thick, forming on the farther side a cliff overhanging Beaver Creek. Through this wall the water has made its way, coming out in a rushing stream. Inside the wall, and near the outlet, is a cave, which was once filled with dwellings of the prehistoric races. In the far end of the cave is a tiny rill of water—a part of the stream

AT THE OUTLET OF "MONTEZUMA'S WELL."

which leaves the well. Of what priceless importance this was to the former inhabitants who built in these inaccessible places to save themselves from besieging tribes!

This very remarkable formation is not, as many suppose, an ancient crater; its only connection with volcanic action is that it is formed in a light-colored rock that was once flowing lava. It began as an immense "blow-hole" or hollow in the rock, which has been enormously enlarged by the assistance of the flowing water. It was probably at one time very like Devil's Cavern, described above.

The other great natural curiosity which drew us to this place was the "Soda Spring" on Finney's ranch. It is on



"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

Copyright 1891 by Chas. F. Lummis.

IN A DOOR OF "MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

a level with the creek, and only a few rods from it. Upon examining it one finds apparently a basin ten feet square of lukewarm water, clear as crystal and with a clean sandy bottom eighteen inches below the surface. The taste of the water is like weak apollinaris. But if one attempts to stand on the nice sandy bottom he will go down, until the water is breast-high and there stop, standing upright on nothing. The spring is in reality quite deep, and yet, with a man upon my shoulders I could not get entirely under water so long as I remained erect. One can simply sit on the water and paddle about. As with the well the temperature is mild, and one can stay in almost any length of time.

The cause of this curious phenomenon is to be found in the uprush of water and gas which constitutes the spring. The sand is clean and heavy, and in some way distributes the pressure of the upcoming water and gas, so that while a small stone or a bit of glass sinks through the clear

IN THE SODA SPRING, FINNEY'S RANCH.

water, it stops on reaching the surface of the sand. A dip in this spring is a sensation of a life time. The water is so good and the buoyancy so remarkable, and the shade of the trees all about so delightful, that one is not likely to have had just such a bath before.

Other points of interest were visited. Some five miles from the ranch are the "Inscription Rocks," a fine wall of red stone thirty feet high and covered upon its lower surfaces with innumerable "pictographs," figures of animals and men, chipped into the surface with a stone hammer. They are similar to many found in Tempe, near Phœnix, and in other parts of Arizona.*

A whole day was spent in a trip to "Montezuma's Castle," a prehistoric dwelling set high in a cliff on the north bank of Beaver creek about ten miles below Finney's ranch and several miles from Camp Verde, an abandoned army post.

*But should not be confounded with the famous "Inscription Rock," El Morro, which is in New Mexico.—ED.

The cliff rises some two hundred feet above the creek and has a high talus at the bottom. The climb to the buildings is difficult and accomplished only by the aid of crude ladders for overcoming the worst places. The material of the cliff is volcanic and it has in its face a hollow some fifty feet high and twenty feet from front to rear and over one hundred feet above the creek. The builders took advantage of this to rear a complicated system of rooms, one above another. The supporting walls are of stone laid in some kind of mortar, while heavy cross-beams eight inches in diameter pass between these and support a matting of rushes and a layer of earth. The doorways between the

"CASTLE AND BELL ROCK" FROM "THE RED ROCK COUNTRY."

rooms are small and in some cases triangular, standing on one corner, so to speak, so that as one stoops over to pass through, it is wide at the top where the body passes and narrow at the bottom, leaving only room for the feet. There are about fifteen rooms in all, most of them about eight feet square, and high enough to stand up in. They are all covered with soot from the fires which their former occupants used for cooking—hardly, we may suppose, for warmth, because upon the day of our trip the thermometer was only a few degrees less than 100° in the shade. The climb up the face of that cliff in the blazing sunlight made a remarkable impression upon us. Thanks to Mr. F. C. Reid (of our party) subscriptions for insuring the preserva-

tion of this wonderful and accessible relic have been collected, and the work has been done.

The day before our start for home was given to a horseback ride to the Red Rock country, seventeen miles to the northwest. It gets its name from the out-cropping of red sandstone all over the bottom of the valley. The general formation is, of course, like that of the Grand Cañon, lacking the latter's tremendous depth. The cañon is, however, some two thousand feet deep, and here widens out to a breadth of six or eight miles with jagged, precipitous hills scattercd over the valley. These are worn into fan-

BRANDING A "MAVERICK."

tastic shapes, presenting many remarkable forms which have received such names as the Castle, the Cathedral, Bell Rock and the Monument.

The ride to this country with a guide gave opportunity for seeing one phase of the life in the less known parts of Arizona. The guide was a young fellow of sixteen who had never been more than sixty miles from home. On the road he spied a bunch of cattle and amongst them a heifer not branded. In a few minutes he had "roped" it, thrown it down, tied its feet together, lit a fire to heat his branding iron, and finally in twenty minutes from the start the heifer was branded with his initials, I had taken his pic-

ture, and we were off again. He was vastly amazed when I told him that cattle did not have to be branded in the part of the country that I came from, and that we could get water anywhere without having to "pack" it in canteens or drink from muddy pools full of polliwogs, as we did on that trip to the Red Rock country.

This ride was beneath a sun and in a temperature which is incorrectly credited to the whole of Arizona. The temperature was 100° in the shade that day, but owing to the dryness it was far from unbearable. The return trip to Flagstaff, occupying two days more, was a constant delightful improvement. Flagstaff itself, at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and in its surroundings of dark pine forest, proved so cool that overcoats were necessary. Such is the difference between low and high regions in warm countries.

Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona.

THE FIRST WESTERN "TOWN-HALL."

"COLTON HALL," of which a recent photograph is given below, was the first "American" public building west of the Missouri, and historically is most interesting. It was built by that charming pioneer, Rev. Walter Colton, the first American civil officer in California; and in it was held, beginning Sept. 1, 1849, the famous convention which drafted the constitution under which California was admitted to the Union a year later.

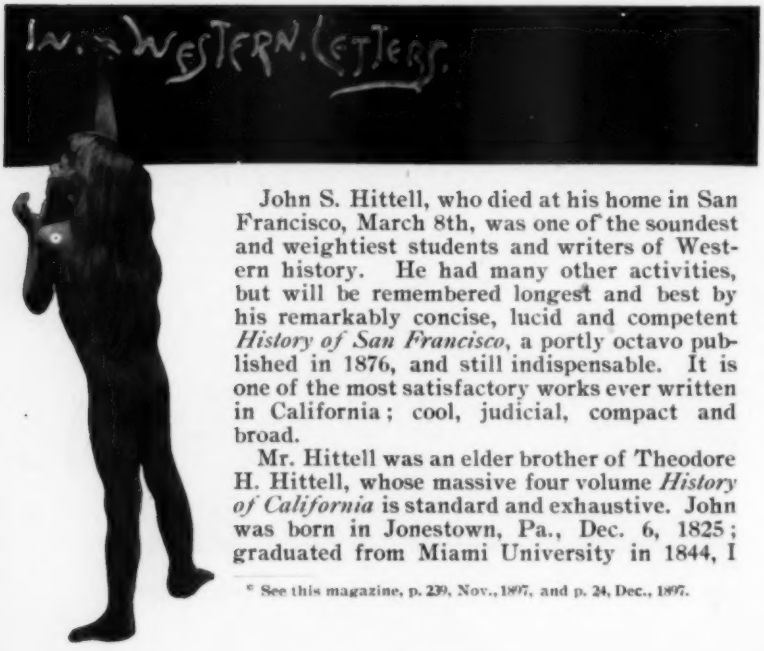
Colton was chaplain of the frigate "Congress," U. S. Navy. Two weeks after the American flag was first raised in California (July 10, 1846) he was appointed Alcalde (mayor and judge) of Monterey, then the capital. The next month (Aug. 15)—having found a superannuated press and type—he and Robert Semple issued the first number of the first Far Western newspaper, *The Californian*. It was half in English and half in Spanish. Sept. 15, he was formally elected

COLTON HALL, MONTERRY. Photo. 1899 by H. S. C. C.

Alcalde, with a clear plurality over his six competitors. It was an office of jurisdiction inferior only to a Supreme Court nowadays. As he says himself (p. 55), "There is not a judge on any bench in England or the United States whose power is so absolute," and Colton administered admirably. He was a man of integrity, great personal charm, great common sense, wide travel and no mean literary ability. Before he left the East he was editor of the Philadelphia *North American*. His book, *Three Years in California** is to this day not only one of the most readable ever printed concerning California, but one of the most important to students.

As supreme representative of the law, and court of last appeal, Colton executed justice of a delicious sort—a compound of equity, ingenuity and humor, which would have done credit to Solomon. There is no book on any era of American pioneer history more flavorsome than his, and perhaps none more accurate; and none of it is more diverting than his account of his judicial acts.

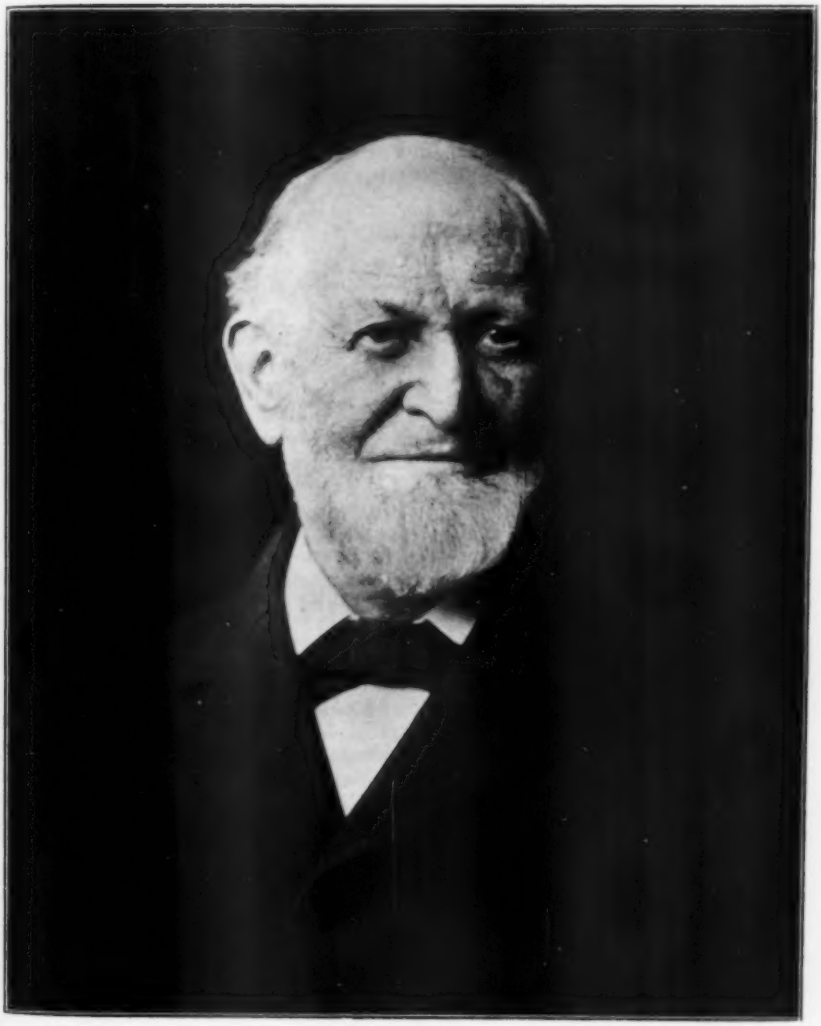
Feeling the need of a building he laid out, early in 1847, his "Town-hall and school-house," the historic building here figured. It was "erected out of the slender proceeds of town lots, the labor of the convicts, taxes on liquor shops and fines on gamblers" (*Three Years in California*, p. 356). It is of white stone, "quarried from a neighboring hill," with two rooms downstairs for schools, and an assembly-hall 70 x 30 feet in the upper story. In the latter apartment the Constitutional Convention was held. To the right is the jail, which Colton's prisoners built for themselves under his genial but not-to-be-fooled-with supervision.



John S. Hittell, who died at his home in San Francisco, March 8th, was one of the soundest and weightiest students and writers of Western history. He had many other activities, but will be remembered longest and best by his remarkably concise, lucid and competent *History of San Francisco*, a portly octavo published in 1876, and still indispensable. It is one of the most satisfactory works ever written in California; cool, judicial, compact and broad.

Mr. Hittell was an elder brother of Theodore H. Hittell, whose massive four volume *History of California* is standard and exhaustive. John was born in Jonestown, Pa., Dec. 6, 1825; graduated from Miami University in 1844, I

* See this magazine, p. 239, Nov., 1897, and p. 24, Dec., 1897.



JOHN S. HITTELL.
Argonaut, Lawyer, Journalist, Historian. Born Dec. 6, 1825; Died Mch. 8, 1901.

think, and read law in Ohio. In 1849 he came across the plains to California, in the beginning of that unparalleled migration to the land of gold. He worked for some time

at placer-mining, but without extraordinary success. Then he turned his hand to whatever employment offered--and was a gardener, carpenter, etc. In 1851 or 1852 he went into newspapering, and was for some years connected with the old *Chronicle* (run by Frank Soulé, and no relation to the present big paper). Soulé's journal died off because of its opposition to the Vigilance Committee, and Mr. Hittell went East for a year or so.

But this friction does not seem to have disturbed his judicial attitude; and in his powerful compend he treats the Vigilance Committee with not only fairness but high praise—as, indeed, it merited. Returning to California, he became one of the staff of the *Alta;* and later practiced law.

Mr. Hittell wrote many books besides his most important one. Among them were *Resources of California*, *Commerce of the Pacific*, several guide books, a work on odic force, and *Evidences Against Christianity*. He was for many years a rather bitter and noted agnostic, but apparently mellowed in his latter days. At any rate the services at his burial were thoroughly evangelical. Up to the last Mr. Hittell retained his imposing presence—an active, erect body, a strong face framed in snowy hair and beard, but keen and vital as not one in a thousand at any age--and his speech and style were crisp and penetrating.

***

A genuine young frontierswoman—not of the cheap drama and Sunday-edition counterfeits, but a fine, quiet, loveable woman made strong and wise and sweet by life in the unbuilded spaces—is Sharlot M. Hall, whose verses have been welcomed by this magazine for two or three years past, and are now being widely copied from its pages by discriminating editors. Her "Trail of Death" (in the February number) is called by the New York *Evening Post* "the most vivid and terrible picture of the desert ever put into verse." This may be a matter of opinion—for Joaquin Miller also has written somewhat of the desert. But there can be no two opinions as to the impulse and vitality and power of Miss Hall's unassuming poems. Of little schooling, still less contact with what its coddled children modestly call "the world," and so scant leisure as befalls a real woman of the border, Miss Hall has taken her lessons from larger schoolmasters, and is an admirable example of the virtues of the frontier as an educator. Knowing her, one can hardly help feeling a bit sorry for the girls who have not had her advantages. Something of her rare quality shows in her work. Never "academic," yet informed by good taste and an intuition for technique, it is

SHARLOT M. HALL.

always vital, lucid and of an unmistakable thrill of humanity. It always means something—as so much magazine verse nowadays does not. It shows also a notable growth in mastery of expression, within two or three years—for only about so long ago she was "discovered" (by this magazine, I think). There are several reasons for believing that this serious, unspoiled, refined and modest heroine of a lonely ranch in Arizona—this young woman who has force enough to be the genius and caretaker of an environment that breaks or embitters weaker natures, and to write as she is writing—shall yet be heard from in larger circles.

* * *

Miss Hall was born Oct. 27, 1870, the first white child in Lincoln county, Kansas—some time, indeed, before it was a county at all. Her home was the western outpost of the settlements that were creeping along the beautiful valleys which were still the hunting grounds of the Sioux, Cheyennes and Comanches. Her mother was the only white woman in many miles, and had the full, hard share of a border woman's life. She was an Eastern woman, but a fine shot, fearless and of the stuff that mothered the masters of the frontier. The house was an arsenal, and the girl baby's doll was a gun. Her first memory is of being carried into the big "dug-out" to see a company of soldiers, half-frozen by a Kansas blizzard and lost on the plains in marching from Fort Leavenworth to Hays. This was when she was about two years old

* * *

It is eloquent of the swiftness of change in the West that such memories fall within so short a span. It is no

grizzled veteran, but a young woman who was part of those primitive conditions. Miss Hall's father was a buffalo-hunter; and her first playmates were buffalo calves he had captured. They grew quite tame; but in a hard winter the big grey wolves killed the last of them at the very door. "The people of my baby days," she says, "were all men—hunters, trappers, soldiers, who stopped with us on their way. I saw so few women that even when a big girl I was afraid of them; and to this day I have never known any woman intimately but my mother, nor ever had a girl or woman friend. I don't remember when I learned to read or how. Books were pretty scarce; but I remember getting the hang of Dr. Dodd's *Library of Mesmerism* in two queer old volumes, and reading scraps in the *Phrenological Journal* before I was sent off, at nearly five, on my small pony to have lessons from an old man who taught a very few pupils in his own home. I rode five miles to and from school. Then it was moved two miles nearer, and I walked."

* * *

When the girl was nine, the family moved (by wagon, of course) to Barbour county—then not exactly a hotbed of civilization—and in the November after she was twelve, the Halls started with two four-horse outfits and about 20 head of loose horses, to drift west; tempting the Rockies in the dead of winter, and watched over by the Providence of Fools. There are still people who know what such a journey meant. Before them and behind them were parties snowed in or stricken with smallpox—which then raged on the Santa Fé trail—but the Halls came through. It took them only three months to reach Prescott, Arizona. All the way this twelve-year-old girl rode horseback and herded the loose stock. In the valley of the Arkansaw she was thrown from her pony and sustained an injury to the spine which handicaps her to this day; but she clambered back to the saddle and finished the long journey so.

* * *

Christmas dinner was eaten on the top of the divide, in a cluster of piñons half buried in snow. The children pinned their stockings to the wagon-sheet with firm faith in Santa Claus; and that good saint gave the girl the second book she had ever owned—a copy of Burns.

Down through the great, solemn Mogollon forest in four feet of snow, the "movers" broke their way to Camp Verde—now abandoned and lonely in its bewitched valley, but then full of troops—and in February came to Prescott. A few miles from that little mountain city they took up a

ranch in the wilderness, bought cattle and entered upon the losing game of the stock-range. For the next few years Miss Hall was "mostly cowboy and milkmaid." With her younger brother she trotted to the little country school, four miles off, by odd months, until she was fifteen; and then spent eight months in school at Prescott, doing housework to pay her way. That was the last of her schooling. Since then, her mother's failing health has kept her at home. From her sixteenth to her twenty-first year the family lived in a mining-camp, where Sharlot was cook, time-keeper and guardian of the bullion—with a revolver under her pillow to atone for the unlockable doors. For the last ten years she has been the presiding spirit upon the lonely fruit ranch which has been evolved from a sage-brush slope. It is no easy life—but neither does strength come of ease. Like the riddle of Samson, this young woman has found sweetness in the unlikely place. And if those who feel it encouraging to know so simple yet so real a heroine find pleasure in her work, so may also those who know no more of her than that such work is the logical fruit of a life which already seems to us unusal.

APRIL BLOOM.

BY JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

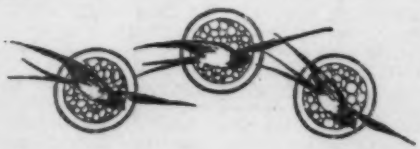
'Tis April in the South, and well, how well, I know
How lush and sweet the long, green grasses grow!
How close the poppies arabesque the hills
With living, rippling gold the magic rain distills!

I know the cañon nooks where pink, wild roses blow
Through all the happy year, but now they thickly glow
In hedge and garden, bank and row, of every hue,
On roof and wall and eaves, that ever roses grew.

In the fair land I love, this is the gala time
When color, light and odor riot into rhyme,
The nesting birds and western winds are keeping pace
With all the Southern summer's warm and winsome grace.

Elsewhere she doth coquette and hint of bloom to be,
Of budding bough and burdened branch and forest minstrelsy,
But in these sheltered valleys of the setting sun,
Eons of eastern Junes are by each April won.

San Francisco, Cal.



THE ROSE OF YUBA DAM.

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

IT was high noon of the day, high noon of the year, and almost high noon of the dry season. The dust rolled up in great, billowy clouds that brooded over all the valley.

The scattering handful of idlers in front of the Timbuctoo store eyed the approaching stranger suspiciously, from the fact of his starting down into the valley at that time of day. They saluted him affably, but burst into a great guffaw when he told them that he was riding then in order to get out of that infernal heat in the shortest possible time; and assured him it got a degree hotter every mile lower into the valley. But the stranger seemed not the least daunted, and swung himself back into his saddle with a dare-devil laugh over his shoulder.

"Ground-hog case, sure, to start a feller out this time of day," remarked the philosopher of the group; "it's either a posse behind him or a gal ahead of him. I tell ye it was only them two things would ever 'a' got *me* out such a day as this, when I was that feller's age."

This animadversion called up a ripple of genuine interest among the loungers. One by one the chairs were untilted from their hind legs, hats were pushed back from their dust-begrimed foreheads, and quids were shifted into the cheek long enough for each man to give an original opinion as to the chap's hurry to get somewhere.

Meanwhile the chap in question pushed on by easy stages, stopping at every "dead-fall" to discard whatever seemed least necessary in his apparel, and his ideas of necessity seemed to vary inversely with the heat, until finally he had a neat little parcel of half a dozen garments strapped to his saddle, and still bethought himself vainly of the small Quong Sam who, he had heard, had shaved off his eyebrows to lighten his cargo.

As the horse's feet splashed into the soft light dust they made a gentle *pouf, pouf*, and sank half-way up the hoof. Close beside the edge of the grade appeared the fresh imprint of a slim little foot. The man's flesh almost quivered at the mere thought of the contact of the bare skin with the burning ground, but he chuckled quietly to himself as he remembered how differently these things had struck him when he was a boy. Nevertheless he found himself quickening his horse, thinking if he should overtake the little fellow he might take him up behind.

"Slim little foot, must be quite a child," mused the rider for the want of something more diverting. "Short steps, too. Humph!"

Then there seemed to be a redoubling of the tracks and an indistinctness as if the boy had sat down on a rock and swung his feet. This suggested the idea of a halt to the rider, and he dismounted to examine his saddle-girths. As he stooped his eye caught a single little wild-rose beside the rock mysteriously dropped, as it seemed, from nowhere. "Ah! I see," his face brightened with a new idea, "the boy dropped it," he said to himself and put the wilted blossom in his button-hole. Finally, after several miles of heat and dust and fatigue, the shadows began to fall a little longer across the trail, the trees along the river in the distance looked fresh and green and the traveler's spirits began to rise.

"Funny about that boy, must be a good walker," he commented again. "Hello! he's lost another rose, and by Jove! here's another; he's probably lightening his cargo, too."

With something like a feeling of companionship for his fellow-

traveler the man scanned the road as far as he could see through the clouds of dust, but there was not a soul in sight, and when he rounded the turn the footprints had suddenly ceased. He pulled his horse up short and looked about feeling almost as if he had lost a friend; then gave a long shrill whistle he was sure the boy would understand; but there was no response.

"Picked up by a wagon or melted down into a grease-spot, perhaps," he explained to himself, and then he looked off toward the long range of gray mountains outlined in the haze of dust and the sharp angles of the buttes rising in the foreground. A meadow-lark sprang upward with a liquid note of song and a suggestion of a breeze stirred among the cottonwood trees.

The next stop was quite a pretentious place, compared with its neighbors. A huge oak tree shaded the house, a well-sweep held the fort in front, ducks and geese waddled about in noisy platoons and altogether the place wore an air of animation.

"Hello!" shouted the traveler to the fat man on the porch. "What place is this?"

"Yuba Dam!" answered the fat man with a slight emphasis.

"You be damned yourself!" retorted the stranger good-naturedly as he led his horse to the well.

The fat man leaned back in his chair and chuckled over his joke. That was his one little sally of wit, and this the invariable reply. Then turning half around he called through the window to some one in the house, "I guess the feller you're lookin' for is here."

Whereupon a thick-set young fellow emerged from the bar-room and walked toward the new-comer.

"Hello, Jack, how did you get up here?" and, "Hello, Tom, I knew you'd be along!" they said simultaneously.

The thick-set fellow drew the one he called Tom aside, saying, "I think we can put our business through from here just as well," and continued at length in an undertone till both heads were nodding affirmatively and both men seemed thoroughly agreed upon their subject. When the pair returned to the porch the man addressed as Jack said, by way of introducing his friend, "I've just been persuading this fellow to stay over to the dance."

The man referred to as Tom was glad enough to be persuaded when he found it was not necessary to make the town that night, for the prospect of a good dinner and a chance to cool off was grateful to him. At the table the two men sat in a corner by themselves still talking in their low undertones. The thick-set man brought his fist down on the table occasionally with such force as to set all the plates a-clatter. He was evidently deeply in earnest and seemed to think his companion needed a good deal of convincing; but seeing his argument losing interest, and following the wandering eyes of the uncertain Tom he noticed the porch and bar-room rapidly filling with people. Remembering that the dance was his alleged excuse for meeting his friend there and staying over, he cleared up his countenance, and together they made for the door.

The fashionable hour for dancing to begin is much earlier at Yuba Dam than one finds it in the city. The social wheel whirls slowly here, and all functions of importance begin when the sun goes down and lasts till he rises again. The dining-room was transformed into a ball-room by hitching ropes to the legs of the tables and hoisting them to the ceiling. The narrow shelf that ran the four sides of the room was studded at regular intervals with tallow dips stuck into empty whisky bottles, which shed equal parts of light and candle grease upon the dancers. A blind Indian perched upon the bar began to wail "The Girl I Left Behind Me" on a wheezy accordeon; and the fun began. The smiling host came toward the two men as

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they entered, with a tripping little creature in a pink frock. She nodded indifferently in response to the heavy-set man's bow, but her black eyes snapped in delighted admiration of the tall one, who, seeing his advantage, led her away to take a place in the Virginia reel. The little girl flitted about the big man like a pink butterfly; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flamed a rosy hue, and her partner saw at a glance she was easily the belle of the ball. He looked on in good-natured amusement at the clumsy efforts of the heavy youth to get in two turns with the little pink butterfly who tripped and twirled about them, and sometimes eluded them entirely. Then the thought occurred to him that this must have been the destination of the little fellow he had almost met on the way thither. He looked about, almost thinking he would recognize him if he were there, but after making a tour of the room in vain his eyes wandered back to his partner, and caught her great, dark eyes fixed upon him. She was certainly a dainty little creature. He wondered how she ever happened to be in such a place—a sweet, wild rose in the heart of the wilderness. Ah! to be sure, a wild rose, and those were wild roses she wore in her belt; at the same moment the dancing eyes opposite had noticed the little rose nestling against his lapel.

There now was the solution of the blossoms by the wayside; the boy had brought them to her and through her he would find who the little chap might be. After a great frollicking and rollicking and a general stampede the dance ended, and he led the little wild-rose girl out into the cool night-air, across the wide porch and over to the well in front. A pale young moon looked down upon her and reflected her beaming eyes in the still depths of the water.

"Did you send your brother to get those flowers for you?" he asked.

"Nope," she answered, wonderingly, eyeing him across the dipper rim, "I got 'em myself."

"They are pretty little things," he continued, wondering whether he said *you* or *they*, "where do they grow?"

"Up at Timbuc'," answered the girl, "They are thick up there but you have to climb down the rocks to get at 'em. I had a big bunch, but it was so hot I kep' a-losin' 'em all the way down." The dark eyes grew tender at the loss of her cherished flowers.

"*You* lost them? how could *you* lose them?" he asked in astonishment.

"Yep, o' course I lost 'em, comin' down, I said," in a tone of annoyance; the music had begun again and time was precious.

Then he looked down at the slim little foot and thought of the hot, burning ground of a few hours before. "Did you come down on horseback?" he asked guardedly.

An amused little laugh rippled over the dipper rim—"I footed it down and I'm goin' to foot it back again tomorrow, see?" she explained.

So this was his little friend of the wayside, this was the little fellow he was going to take up behind him, and this little seventeen-year-old slip of a girl had walked bare-footed in the burning sun all the way from Timbuctoo, when he had thought it hard enough to have to ride.

"As you came along didn't you hear a horse trotting pretty close behind you?" he questioned.

"Yep," the rosy lips responded, "I did, an' I saw you too. I heard you a-comin' an' a-comin' and when you got pretty close I just stepped over the ledge; I wanted to rest a little anyway, I was kind of tired you know."

"*Kind of tired!*" The man felt a great wave of tenderness sweep over him for this happy-faced child smiling up at him after walking all that burning dusty way and saying she was "kind of tired."

Then a roguish impulse to make a full confession seized her; "I saw you stop and look around, and I heard you whistle too. I'd have answered you if I could whistle, but you see I can't," demonstrating the fact by puckering her ripe lips into a defiant little rose-bud and making a soft purring sound. The dark eyes looked up into the eyes bending over her, and the moon looked down leniently on her innocent fun. Ah! little girl, those lips were made for something much better than whistling! The tall man bent low over the rosy lips and the tin dipper went clattering down over the stones.

The heavy-set man noticed a startled look in the dark eyes and wondered why his appearance on the scene should strike them both so dumb, but he was not prepared to hear the tall man say when he did speak:

"If you're going back to town tonight, Jack, you'll have to go without me; I have to go to Timbuctoo in the morning."

His friend looked him up and down a full minute. His silence was eloquent. Then, stepping up close in front of him he said coolly,

"They're looking for the young lady in there and sent me to take her back."

For a moment the young fellow hesitated, but a threatening look warned him this was not the time for disclosures. Silently he led the astonished little lady back to the ball-room, then turning on the thick-set man, "There's no use in dogging me like this," he said; "if you want to do your dirty work tonight go and do it. I told you I wasn't going with you, so what are you hanging 'round for?"

An evil light glowed in the other fellow's eyes. "Go and do it alone, will I? You have to take the lady back to Timbuc', do you? Perhaps the lady would like to know about some of our other little ventures. She might like to know about our Carson deal, but I think you'd better let her go and come along with me."

The man was in a vise—and he knew it. There was no use trying to get away just now—and he knew that too. With a long look back into the ball-room in search of a flitting, fleeting little figure he followed the lead of his companion out into the night. Neither spoke until they reached the bridge when the silence was broken by an insulting laugh from Jack. "It's all very nice for you to keep your hands so lily white while the dirty work is going on, but I guess you'll be in for the swag all right."

"Damn the swag!" came the answer; "you've got me this time, and you know it, but it's the last, I tell you."

The night was still and star-lit as they flashed through the town out through the open fields, past happy homes and quiet firesides. At last the headlight appeared around a curve of the track. The first man dismounted, produced two masks and thrust one into the other's hands with the hoarse whisper, "Now don't be a fool, Tom!" and the work began. The fireman and engineer were attended to first and the passengers had no time to make a defense, men swore and women fainted, two shots were fired in quick succession and one of the bandits fell.

Half an hour later the two men were again in Marysville. They cared for the dead bandit with scant reverence; but when they took the black mask off his face they saw that he was very young, and that the seal of death had left no trace of his crime. No one knew his real name. Perhaps it was Tom, and perhaps it wasn't, and no one noticed the little wild-rose that drooped its head upon his still heart; so it was buried with him. But the wild-rose girl still dreams of the kiss at the well and hopes and waits and wonders why the handsome stranger does not come back that way.

Yuba City, Cal.

DIGGER INDIAN LEGENDS.

BY L. M. BURNS.

III.—THE LOVE-MAKING OF QUATUK.

THE subsequent history of Quatuk was not so felicitous. After his unfortunate encounter with his cousin the Wildcat, he started out traveling.

"Yea soo," he said to himself. "I'm sorry about my cousin Itchii—sorry he won't have me to live with him any more. Poor Itchii!"

He traveled till he came to the top of a mountain. Below him lay what is now known as Scott Valley. It was filled with fog. The fog spread out fair and billowy, and Quatuk thought it was the ocean.

"Why," he said, "I'm a smarter coyote than I thought I was. Here I am at the ocean! No one ever traveled so fast as this before. I will have a swim."

He took off all his clothes and strapped them on his head. Then he drew in a big breath, stretched up his arms, crouched on his legs, and dived forward into the fog.

He struck a rock heap at the bottom of the valley, and lay senseless for a whole day. All the animals that came that way laughed and gave him a kick. They all knew what it meant to find him lying there with his clothes strapped on his head. Before night everyone in the valley knew that Quatuk had tried to swim the ocean.

When he came to, the fog was all gone.

"Huh!" he said, stretching himself. "Like to see another man as strong as I am! I've swam across the ocean!"

He looked down at himself. He was scratched and bruised, and his bones ached.

"Itchii must be pretty nearly dead," he mused. "I'm sorry I hurt him so. I'm a little sore myself, from choking him and swimming across the ocean too. Must be I'm more wonderful than I thought I was, to kill the Wildcat, and do all this besides."

The handsomest girl in the valley was the Woodpecker's daughter, and Quatuk decided that he might as well marry her. So he put on his clothes and went to the Woodpecker's wigwam.

"I want to marry your daughter," he said. "I'm the man that swam the ocean."

The Woodpecker looked at him and laughed.

"So you're the man that swam the ocean!" he gibed. Where's your wampum?"

"I don't need wampum to get *me* a wife. I'm the man that swam the ocean!"

"Yes, but one doesn't swim the ocean without picking up some wampum. Where are your shells?"

Quatuk had not thought of that. He didn't remember seeing any shells.

"Oh," he said, "I have a sore wrist. I had to kill my cousin the Wildcat, and it's so lame I thought I wouldn't carry any shells. But I'm the man that swam the ocean, and I've come to marry your daughter."

Then the Woodpecker laughed so loud and so long that Quatuk knew he was making sport of him, and he turned and ran back again the way he had come. Pretty soon he met the Fox.

"Where's the wife you came for?" said the Fox.

"Wife?" snarled Quatuk. "I don't want a wife."

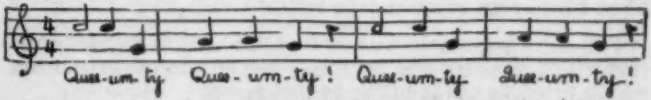
"Aren't you the man that swam the ocean," teased the Fox.

"No," said Quatuk, "that was another fellow."

"Didn't you just tell the Woodpecker you wanted his daughter?"

"Ha! you've been there yourself, have you?" snarled Quatuk, and ran on.

After a while he heard a voice singing. It was a girl's voice, very sweet and clear:



"Listen!" said Quatuk. "She's calling me: 'Qua-a-tuk, Qua-a-tuk!' She want's to marry me. She's down by the willows, calling me."

He ran like the wind to the willows. She was not there. He listened. Again he heard the voice, just as sweet and clear as before.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "I never knew before how pretty my name is—'Qua-a-tuk! Qua-a-tuk!' She's at the river, calling me."

He ran to the river and stopped to listen. Again the voice, no nearer, no farther.

"I'll marry her," he said. "She's at the foot of the mountain, waiting for me."

He ran to the foot of the mountain, and the voice still called to him. He ran to the top, and still it drew him on.

He ran down the other side. He followed it for a whole moon, growing more eager for the sight of her every minute, and still she called to him.

At last he came to the edge of the real ocean, the Great Salt Water. He was worn to a bone from famine and labor, for the voice had carried him on without respite for food or sleep. He shaded his eyes with his bony hand and looked out across the water. There, in the middle of the ocean, seated on a mat of tules, was a girl weaving baskets and singing. It was her voice that he had followed up.

"Here I am," he cried, stretching out his arms. "I heard you calling me, 'Qua-a-tuk, Qua-a-tuk!' and I have traveled across the whole earth to come to you. I've come to marry you!"

The girl looked up and laughed derisively.

"So you're the man that swam the ocean!" she said. "They told me you were the biggest fool on earth, and I thought I'd like to see you. So you want to marry me? Come on, then. All you have to do is to swim the ocean again!"

It seems that in the end Quatuk was mated with the Louse.

The above love-story, if one may call it such, is a general favorite. It is an odd and significant fact that for the word *love*, as we conceive of it, there is no equivalent in the meager vocabulary of this people; and *cut-a-sook*, the only term which embodies the idea of the beautiful, may be applied with equal appropriateness to a dish of baked meat, a red calico rag, or an Indian belle.*

The next legend is also a favorite. It is probably the element of trickery and revenge, rather than that of love, which recommends it to the Indian mind.

THE RABBIT AND THE TOAD.

A Rabbit fell in love with a little green Frog, but was ashamed of her family connections, so he met her in secret by the water's edge. An ugly old Toad happened upon them as they sat singing one evening, and he was so graceful and gallant that she fell in love with him herself.

When he was gone, she killed the little green Frog, and stretched her skin while it was still damp over her own ungainly bulk. Then she sat down to wait till he should come again.

But the next evening when the Rabbit beheld her bloated

*This is probably assuming too much. No exact or scientific study of the "Digger" idiom has been made. Highly specialized words are not found in such languages (except for ceremonial use); but it is doubtful if any aboriginal tongue in America "has no words" which might reasonably stand for "love" and "beautiful."—Ed.

shape in its delicate covering, he guessed everything, and a thirst for vengeance burned in his heart.

"Where is she?" he demanded, angrily.

"Where is who?"

"My little woman!"

"I'm your little woman," she said, waddling sidewise, the better to show her pretty coat.

"Where did you bury my little green Frog?"

"I am your little green Frog!"

"You? Zt! You're an ugly old Toad. You killed her to get her skin."

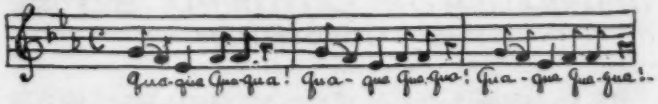
"Don't you love me any more?" she said.

"Love you? Zt! I hate you!"

Then the Toad knew that her plot had failed, and she longed to kill him for scorning her.

"Come with me," she said, craftily. "I will sing you the song you love best, and then you will know that I am indeed the little green Frog."

Now the Rabbit knew all that was in her mind to do, but he let her lead him to a willow limb that stretched over the water. When he was seated at the end, she began to sing the song of the little green Frog:



All at once she pushed downward on the limb, thinking to tumble him into the water. But he was ready, and jumped safely to the opposite bank, where he built a fire, pretending to dry his feet. Then he sat down beyond it and looked at her till she began to wiggle uncomfortably.

"How pretty your green skin glistens in the firelight," he said softly.

The old Toad puffed out her throat with pride.

"I couldn't see you in the dusk," he went on. "Why, you are more beautiful than I ever saw you before. How foolish I was to think you an ugly old Toad!"

She stretched her mouth wide in a smile. Her silly old heart was warm. She thought now that he really loved her.

"Come, swim to me," he said. "No other can swim as well as my little green Frog."

The old Toad hid her toes under her body. She did not want him to see that she had no webs.

"Come, swim to me."

"The water is too cold."

"My fire will warm you. My arms will be about you. I will marry you tonight. Only come!"

"You come to me."

"I can't jump so far. You jump to me. No other has legs as slim as yours. No other can jump like you. Come!"

"But it is a long way over."

"I will catch you. I want you so, I will marry you to-night."

The old Toad crept to the end of the bough. "I am afraid," she whined.

"You are so beautiful! Your skin is so fine! Your form is so fair! Your voice is so sweet! Come to me, I love you so!"

With that the silly old Toad, crazed with love, gathered all her strength and jumped—straight into the fire behind which he sat! Her skin crackled and sizzled, and the Rabbit laughed while he watched her burn to ashes before him. Then he hunted the grave of the little green Frog, and sang the death song beside it for seven nights.

San José, Cal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOURNALISM IN CALIFORNIA BEFORE THE "GOLD RUSH."

BY KATHERINE A. CHANDLER.

IN the pastoral days of California, newspapers had no place in the thought or desires of the inhabitants. Should a new governor arrive from Mexico, or a fresh revolution be projected, or a marriage *fiesta* summon guests, a courier could ride from San Francisco to San Diego and bear the tidings to each isolated rancho and wayside mission. The messenger could start sooner than a paper could be issued. Then, too, it was less tiring and more interesting than reading a newspaper to listen to the courier, who grew more enthusiastic as the sound of his own melodious voice and the eyes of his attentive audience inspired him. Finally, a messenger must be sent to deliver the papers, so why was it not better for him to carry the news and not wait for it to be printed?

With the hoisting of the American flag a new era was ushered in—an era introducing, among other innovations, the Yankee's reverence for the printed page and his incredulity of the oral message. The immediate reason for the birth of the first newspaper is not known. Perhaps Commodore Stockton wished a medium for his proclamations (1), or perhaps the editors deemed the unpreëmpted journalistic field one of fertile promise. However, either late in July or early in August, 1846, Rev. Walter Colton (2) and Dr. Robert

(1) Commodore Stockton succeeded Com. Sloat in July, 1846, and proceeded with the conquest of California.

(2) Colton had arrived in Monterey July 15, 1846, as chaplain on Stockton's frigate *Congress*. July 28 he was appointed *alcalde* of Monterey by Stockton, probably, as he himself suggests, because he was the one officer whose services were not indispensable to the ship. He formed close friendships with the intelligent Californians and was respected by all.

Semple (1) formed a partnership to publish a newspaper in Monterey. Colton had gained editorial experience on the *North American* of Philadelphia, and Semple had picked up a knowledge of printing in Illinois.

In the old government house they found a dilapidated press (2) and some Spanish type. "The press was old enough to be preserved as a curiosity; the mice had burrowed in the balls; there were no rules or leads, and the types were rusty and in pi. It was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. A sheet or two of tin were procured, and these, with a jack-knife, were cut into rules and leads" (3). With the press was found also a keg partly full of ink. The problem of paper was solved by buying from a coaster its supply of cigarette wrapping, which came in thin sheets a little larger than the ordinary foolscap.

While Semple "created the materials" (4) of the office, Colton busied himself composing the prospectus and collecting the official proclamations and the latest news from the United States and Mexico.

At last all was ready, and on Aug. 15, 1846, the first newspaper of California, *The Californian*, was issued to the expectant public of Monterey. "A crowd was waiting when the first sheet was thrown from the press. It produced quite a little sensation. Never was a bank run upon harder; not, however, by people with paper to get specie, but exactly the reverse." (5)

The first *Californian* was a neat looking sheet, eleven and three-fourths by ten and a half inches in size, containing four pages of two columns each. As the type used was of the Spanish alphabet, it contained no "w," and whenever that letter was needed two "v's" had to be substituted. Later (6) the editor offers an apology for this peculiarity, really emphasizing it by the frequent use of the editorial pronoun.

At the head of the first page is the announcement that *The Californian* will be published every Saturday morning by Colton and Semple, with the subscription price at five dollars a year.

Most of the first column is occupied by the prospectus. (7) The editor stated that the "principles" of this "first paper ever published in California" could be set forth in a few words, and then he devoted fifteen paragraphs to them. A synopsis is as follows: *The Californian* will maintain political independence from Mexico; it will advocate oblivion of past political offenses, believing that every man should be allowed the privilege of entering the new era unembarrassed by any part he may have taken in past revolutions; it will

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(1) Semple was from Illinois, a brother of Gen. Semple, U. S. Senator from that State. He came to California in 1845, as a member of the Hasting party. He became prominent first in the Bear Flag Revolution, where he exerted an influence to restrain lawless members of the party. In July, 1846, he went to Monterey. He was a member of Fauntleroy's dragoons for a time. He was a dentist and printer by trade. He was liked by the Californians. He later became a partner with Vallejo in land deals.

(2) This wooden Ramage hand-press was brought in 1834 from Boston by Capt Thos. Shain to Augustin V. Zamorano, of Monterey. It was used chiefly for government proclamations, but some school-books were printed upon it. Bancroft says that in his library are "seven little books and over a hundred documents" from this press (during Mexican reign). Mr. Rob't Cowan, of San Francisco, has four little school books printed by Zamorano.

(3) Colton: *Three Years in California*, 32.

(4) Ibid.

(5) *Three Years in California*, 33.

(6) *Californian*, Extra, Jan. 27, 1847. In this apology Colton says, "We have sent to the Sandwich Islands for this letter (w)."

(7) In the abstract of the prospectus here given, Colton's phraseology is used as nearly as possible.

maintain freedom of speech and of the press, and toleration in religion; it will advocate a system of public education; it will urge the immediate establishment of a well organized government, and obedience to its laws; it will encourage immigration and will point out fertile lands to the agricultural immigrants; it will encourage domestic manufactures and mechanic arts; it will urge the organization of internal defenses against the Indians; it will advocate the territorial relation of California to the United States until it has sufficient population for a State; it will support the measures of the commander of the American squadron on the coast "as far as they conduce to the public tranquillity, the organization of a free representative government, and alliance with the United States;" it will urge the lowest rate of foreign duties, with the exemption of the necessities of life; it will "go for California, for all her interests, social, civil and religious, encouraging everything that can promote these, and resisting everything that can do them harm;" it will be "free and independent," "unawed by power," and "untrammeled by party;" the use of its columns "will be denied to none who have suggestions promotive of public weal;" it will endeavor to give the freshest domestic intelligence and the earliest foreign news; it will enlarge the sheet as soon as the requisite materials can be obtained.

Under the caption, "News from the United States and Mexico," the proceedings of the United States Congress and the Proclamation of President Polk of May 15, 1846, (1) appear, with a slight interspersion of Mexican items. The proclamations and some of the news paragraphs were printed both in Spanish and English.

In this number is begun a series on "California," giving the history of the war and an account of the people of the country. Articles are promised on "the sections of our country that are unoccupied" and "where settlements may be made for agricultural purposes," or "milling purposes," or "near navigable waters," so as to guide strangers "arriving in the country with a view to settling."

The only advertisement in the first issue is that of Hartnell (2) who "offers his services to the public as translator of all languages spoken and written in California." As American business methods crept in, advertisements sought space in the paper. At the close of the first six months the proprietors announced that while the paper was small they had not been anxious to have advertisements, but that now they were planning to enlarge the sheet and would take them at New York prices. A square of 12 lines would cost $1.50 for its first insertion, and $1 for each subsequent appearance; or the terms for a year, "with the privilege of changing as often as proper," were $50; for six months, $25; and for three months, $15. (3) Sometimes these advertisements appeared in both English and Spanish and are good illustrations of the difference in the courtesy of the two languages. (4)

With an utter absence of a mail system, news from the different pueblos was seldom received and Monterey furnished few happenings worthy of record. The columns of the paper were filled with the official notices of the *de facto* government, communications, and occasional verses.

Regretting not only the lack of news items, but also the delay

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(1) Declaration of War with Mexico.

(2) For Hartnell, see Bancroft, *History of California*, III, 771.

(3) *Californian*, I, 26, Feb. 13, 1847.

(4) English—"Elisha Hyatt informs the public that he manufactures pails, tubs, kegs, barrels, and churns. His shop is in the rear of the American Consul's."
Spanish—"Elisha Hyatt con el debido respecto, informa al publico que él manufactura baldes, tines, cuñetes, barriles, y mantequeras, su casa está detras de la casa de D. Thomas O. Larkin."—*Californian*, I, 10, Oct. 17, 1846.

in the delivery of papers to subscribers, (1) *The Californian* constantly urged the organization of a mail system. By the continual complaints in its columns, as well as by the personal solicitation of its editors, it finally won the government to establish a regular mail route from San Francisco to San Diego.

The Californian has been called a "timid, obsequious flatterer of the naval authorities in the land, never once raising its voice in disapprobation of their acts." (2) It defends itself on the grounds that the thing most necessary to the country just then was peace; and that whatever private opinions the editors might hold of the officials, in the paper should appear only "such truth as is beneficial to the country" and "interesting to the readers." (3) The editors are justified in this attitude. Had there been dissension among the Americans, the Californians would not have accepted the imposed government as soon as they did.

During the first eight months, *The Californian* was really the result of Colton's labors alone, Semple's energy being expended in other directions. (4) Then, for some unexplained reason, Colton withdrew and Semple's name appeared alone as publisher.

With Semple's control, *The Californian* became a different paper. Large notices of Francesca, (5) a town he was founding, filled its columns, and the second number (6) after Colton's withdrawal was the last issued in Monterey. Two weeks later, a larger *Californian* came out in San Francisco as number one of volume two. Semple explained that he commenced the second volume thus in the ninth month of the paper because the size was so much increased. (7) He said he had left Monterey "not that" he "disliked the place or the people, but that" he "had been so fortunate as to secure a piece of land on the Bay of San Francisco on which" he was "laying out a town." He adopted a motto for the paper, "Measures, not Men," which created many jests on account of Semple's great height.

The residents of San Francisco did not approve of a paper in their midst booming a rival town, even though that town be all in the prospective. Then, too, as Semple was so much engrossed in the affairs of Francesca, he could not give sufficient time to *The Californian*. For these reasons, in July, 1847, he sold the paper to Benj. R. Buckelew. (8)

On July 17, 1847, Buckelew brought out *The Californian*, with the sub-heading "Devoted to the Advancement of Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, Commerce, Health, Education, Morals, and the General Progressive Philosophy of Man." (9) He changed the motto to "Evils from Ignorance—Remedies from Knowledge," and in his rather bombastic salutatory, he assured the public that, although a

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(1) Colton complains of eight weeks' papers waiting to be carried to subscribers. He supposes they, too, are waiting for the papers.—*Californian*, I, 25, Feb. 6, 1847.

(2) Quotation in Kemble, *Sacramento Daily Union*, Dec. 25, 1853.

(3) *Californian*, I, 36, April 24, 1847.

(4) He was absent from Monterey most of the time, locating a city and winning a wife.—Colton, *Three Years in California*, 121.

(5) Now *Benicia*. It was named Francesca after Mrs. Vallejo and because it was hoped it would become *the* city of San Francisco Bay. *Benicia* is also in honor of Mrs. Vallejo.

(6) *Californian*, I, 38, May 6, 1847.

(7) *Californian* II, 1, May 22, 1847. It was 18 x 22 inches.

(8) Buckelew came overland in 1846 from New York. Besides his connection with the paper he kept a jewelry and watchmaker's shop, was interested in town lots, and was a member of the Town Council. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, II, 734.

(9) *Californian*, II, 9, July 17, 1847.

young man, he would make every effort to give it knowledge. With Buckelew's name as publisher at the head of the paper appeared that of John Dockrill, "printer." (1)

Buckelew retained his interest in the paper until May, 1848, but at times he did not occupy the editorial chair. In the fall of 1847, Robert Gordon (2) took charge, and the literary form was improved. In the winter Buckelew again edited it, with Jacob D. Hoppe (3) as associate, and in their hands it leaned toward the corrupt real estate clique.

In the early part of May, 1848, *The Californian* was sold to a firm consisting of Hoppe, Dockrill and Henry L. Sheldon (4). Sheldon was to act as editor.

On May 24, 1848, the second number under the new owners, *The Californian* suspended regular issue. On May 29, a half-sheet announced that as almost all the subscribers had gone to the mines the printers would go too. As the cry was "Gold! Gold! Gold!" the *Californian* would suspend paper payments. However it was not dead, only "discontinued," and "whenever the people" should "resume their reading faculties," it would be "recommenced."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW MEXICAN FOLK-SONG.

THE following characteristic Spanish folk-song of New Mexico, collected many years ago by the editor, was arranged and harmonized by the late John Comfort Fillmore:

EL BORRACHITO.

II.

Amigo vino tu me tumbas con tu aliento,
¿Las copas llenas donde 'stan que no las tiento?
Si me emborracho, es de puro sentimiento
Porque no me ama una ingratá mujer.

III.

El huisqui tomo yo por apetito,
Compro mi trago si me hace muy poquito,
Con una taza de tequila mi abuelito—
Todo lo causa la pasion de una mujer.

THE TIPSY FELLOW.

II.

Friend Wine, your jolly, jolly breath it sends me reeling!
Where are the full cups, whose contentment I'd be stealing?
If I get drunk, it's purely from excess of feeling
Just because an ungrateful woman loves me not!

III.

I take the whiskey for the thirst that may befall one;
I buy my drink—which seems to me a very small one,
Like my grandad with his glass of stuff—a tall one—
And a passion for a woman caused it all.

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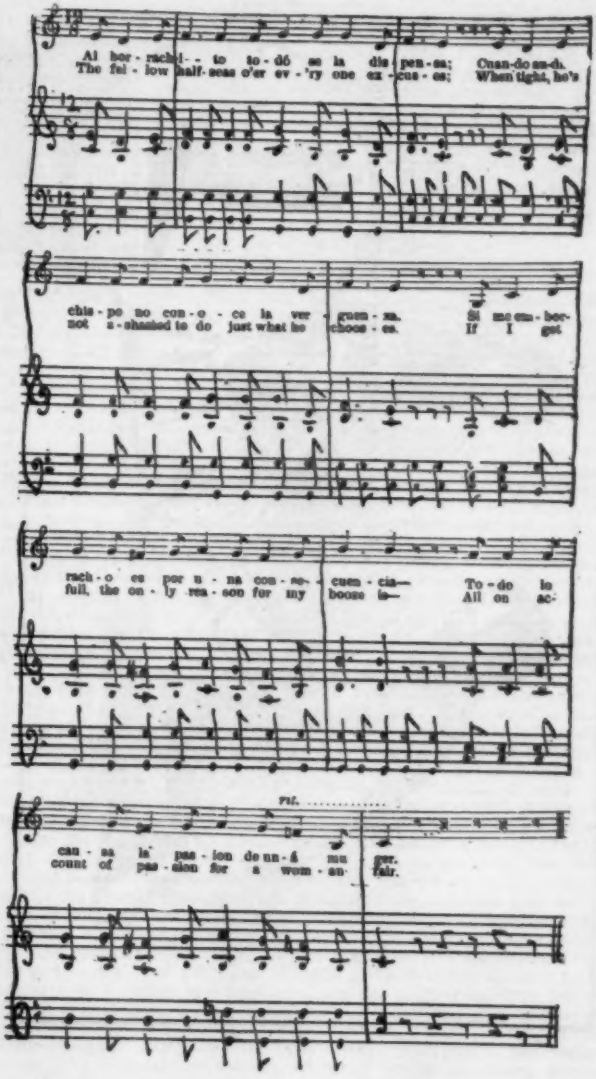
(1) Ibid. Dockrill came in 1847 from Canada. He was a printer by trade. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, II, 781.

(2) Gordon came from Honolulu in 1846, and was active in politics. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, III, 762.

(3) Hoppe came overland from Maryland in 1846. Was owner of town lots and boomer of real estate. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, III, 787.

(4) Sheldon came in 1848. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, V, 713.

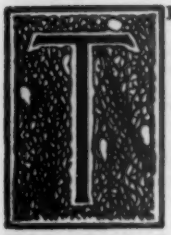
Arranged by John Comfort Fillmore. Collected by C. F. L.



FROM "HONEST DOLLARS," BY PROF. E. A. ROSS.

This is what the Seligman Economists think a college professor should print officially. The Gold Bug is cutting off the boy's foot so as to make the gold-standard boot fit.

"ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSCION IN EASTERNERS."



HE Stanford University "Ross case" is not yet closed, nor imminently about to be—though many would like to reckon it locked and sealed. Like other questions involving morals, it never will be closed until it is closed right. The prosecution (of whose character more will be said later) of course prefers the case to end with the prosecution's speech. Like the cat and mouse of *Alice in Wonderland:*

> "I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
> Said cunning old Fury:
> "I'll try the whole cause,
> And condemn you to death."

The University itself (which can hardly be called defendant, since it properly denies the jurisdiction of Fury, Esq.) does not consent that its internal affairs shall be tried in the newspapers by indolent strangers 2,000 miles away; nor care to thresh the matter out in such a forum. It gave at the outset a dignified, official and sweeping denial of the charge that it had meddled with Academic Freedom; and went on with its affairs of teaching young men and women. When the self-appointed prosecutors demanded evidence that it did not lie, it quietly and politely declined to be cross-examined *coram non judice*. In their innocence, the urgent gentlemen of the Seligman Shanghai Court took this polite snub for a confession of guilt; and proceeded to render their verdict on half-hearing. Naturally there has been a good deal of indignation in the University over the general ignorance and occasional malice of the attack upon it; but the absurdity of the whole performance, as it is evident to everyone possessed of the facts, makes it hard to take these assaults seriously, and there is anyhow a feeling that the noise is not dangerous. Being right, knowing they are right, and confident in the ultimate common sense of the public, the Stanford people go about their business. Their position is academically impregnable; but I think does not sufficiently take into account the adhesive qualities of a lie.

At any rate, justice is a matter which finally concerns the public much more than it does any individual litigant. The Stanford case touches every American who cares for education; and while it would be pleasanter not to disoblige persons I respect as I do the Stanford faculty, there are several principles involved which are even more to me than any set of men. As to methods, theoretically it may be better to let a scandal die; practically it may be as well to assist its demise by letting in the light and air upon it. For my part, then, and in my way, I intend to pursue this rather scandalous affair until it shall be adequately ventilated. The atrocious absurdities and occasional contemptiblenesses of the affair have led me (and may lead me again) to ribald remarks; but whatever the medium may be, it will be in deadly earnest. No one can do me a greater service than by proving me wrong in any point; but long-range guess-work, which has already so actively boggled the case, will not disturb me. So far as the real instigation of the plot goes, that has already been punished, and I desire to touch the original parties as little and as gently as possible in showing the truth. They had the excuse of wounded personal interest. The important feature of the case is the walking-delegate methods of their easy prey, and the ready rallying, in a sympathetic strike, of many people of whom better things should be expected. It is a matter of some concern to see

how easily an able intriguer can play upon prejudice and ignorance even among the elect.

It is pertinent, first, to give some little idea of the haste and unpreparedness of the self-constituted accusers and judges of Stanford. This little magazine has not newspaper space for a monograph; but it can touch some of the significant points.

The Seligman "committee" whose parentage and whose report were touched upon in these pages last month, now occupies the center of the stage. It appointed itself to make a terrible example of Stanford; it thinks it has done so. A number of gentlemen, whose names command respect because they are not in the habit of doing what they have now done, indorse the report. The list would be a very imposing one if the gentlemen chanced to be right. They might have been nearer right by taking more pains, and by not taking so much for granted as to the industry and judicial temper of the "committee."

For reasons which will readily appear, it is safe to assume that not one of the gentlemen signing the "committee's" attack on Stanford has ever gone to the trouble to read Prof. Ross's pivotal pamphlet, *Honest Dollars*. That is one example of how their idea of "earnest investigation"—or honest investigation—differs from mine. It violates no confidence to say that that book—and his failure to outgrow its methods—was the vital reason of Prof. Ross's dismissal. According to frontier notions of science, that volume is the very first thing a competent investigator of the case would turn to. It was once "history" to write by inspired guesswork, without deigning to consult the documents or the personal equation; but it is not history any longer. The arm-chair method works as ill in academic discussion as in science.

Feeling convinced that neither Prof. Seligman, nor his two fellow "committee" men, nor Mr. Horace White, nor his companion indorsers of the report, have ever consulted this first document in the case, I herewith reproduce for their comfort a few sample pages of it, in photographic facsimile. It is their book now. They have gone to no little trouble to make it so. They are of voluntary record as holding that the college professor who does this sort of thing should not be dismissed. They must confess that this deliverance is consonant with their ideas of academic taste, dignity and "freedom;" or that they have made haste to do grievous harm to a University for discharging a man as to whose fitness they knew nothing. The *tertium quid* of the dilemma would be that while they would not deem such a thing proper in an Eastern University, they think Stanford had no business to object, since anything in California cannot be a University anyhow. There is, unfortunately, a good deal of this provincial spirit in the affair; and it has followed Stanford from the first. An entertaining volume could be made of the narrow—and, as time has shown, foolish—prophecies. "You cannot make a University with money." "As much needed as a home for decayed mariners in Switzerland." "The lecturers will talk to empty benches in marble halls." And so on. Nor is it consoling, even to the best man, to be made a false prophet. Stanford is a success. It has even regenerated the State University. The two now have some six times as many students as the one had when Stanford opened, ten years ago. California has one college student to every 419 of total population—a proportion which far outstrips any Eastern State. But it will not at once be forgiven these impertinences. Even men so good that they would not harbor this provincialism if they realized it, do harbor it because they have not seen the facts.

Now these gentlemen have an easy way to prove at once their sincerity and their freedom from sectional bias. Also their practicality.

Prof. Ross is now at the little University of Nebraska at $1000 a year. These gentlemen have influence in their own big Universities and some others. Let them use it. Their vindicatory report is very fine, but it butters no parsnips. It will not pay board-bills nor buy books. It is a rather visionary alms for Men of Power. He asks for bread, and they give him a report. Let Dr. Seligman take *Honest Dollars* in his hand and besiege the trustees of Columbia. Let Dr. Farnam do the same by Yale, and Dr. Gardner likewise by Brown; and let Mr. White, who has more influence than all of them—and merits it, having never before, I think, been so easily trapped—put on an all-around pressure. Let them say: "Here is a great and good professor who has been shamefully entreated in the rude West. He is so important that in his defense we have felt constrained to blacken 115 other professors and 1,400 students, and an old woman who gave all her substance to the University in the Wrong Place. Let us give him a $4,000 chair, at least, and get the benefit of him for Eastern education. See, here is his famous work, *An Honest Dollar is the Noblest Work of Man*. We cannot afford to do without such a paragon. There is nothing like him in the East."

COVER OF DR. ROSS'S "BOOK."

That would be rather more sincere, and rather more just. But it will not be done. Prof. Ross will have to shift for himself. He has interested his advocates for two reasons; but neither reason is that they deem him an ideal college professor—except for California. Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Columbia, Johns Hopkins and some lesser ones, are all represented by their Economists in the report vindicating Ross; but none of these Universities seem in haste to take their economists seriously and secure Ross.

The magnum opus of 63 pp., a reduced facsimile of whose cover is here given, has for title page:

HONEST DOLLARS
by
EDWARD A. ROSS,
Professor of Economic Theory and Finance in Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Secretary of the American Economic Association
1892-93.
Chicago,
Charles H. Kerr & Company,
56 Fifth Avenue.
1896.

(By whom the volume is copyrighted.)
The running title at the head of each pair of pages is:

"AN HONEST DOLLAR IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN."

The illustrations and phrases in capitals speak for themselves in facsimile. The following excerpts, taken almost at random, are also illuminative.

"Every man who borrows money promises to deliver so many

THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN

A "RECOMMEND" TO THE EASTERN MIND.

(Uncle Sam as an ass pursuing a wisp of hay and grinding out wealth for John Bull.) From Ross's *Honest Dollars*, p. 41.

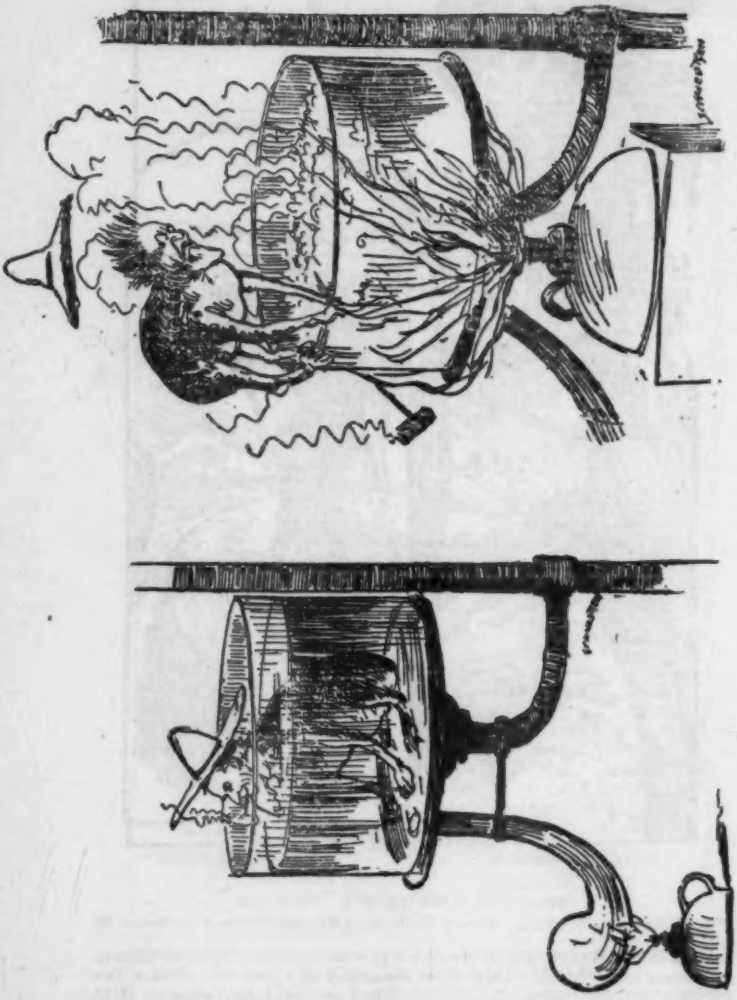
AS HE THINKS IT IS. AS IT REALLY IS.

WHAT THE EAST THINKS "NICE."

(Uncle Sam's stupidity about "Honest Money.") From Ross's *Honest Dollars*, p. 49.

dollars in the future, and if he can repay with little fifty-cent dollars he cheats his creditor, while if he must pay big 200-cent dollars the creditor defrauds him. . . . . When an individual does it, it is FORGERY; when a nation does it, it is 'SOUND FINANCE."

"Injured by big, fat dollars." "We pumped silver into our currency." "Saving himself by a vigorous kick." "Silver was not quietly supplanted; it was KICKED OUT." "Rescue us from the CRUEL PINCH of the gold standard." "Gold, we have seen, gives a frightfully dishonest dollar." "Silver-using countries HAVE



THE AMERICAN PRODUCER.
(A Seligman Ideal of "Economic" Dignity.) From Ross's *Honest Dollars*, pp. 28-29.

NOT NOW AND HAVE NOT HAD a depreciating currency." "The DEGRADING SERVILITY of some gold men to European example." "But the 50-cent dollar! Ah, this is the big trump of the friends of robber money. If this cannot take the trick, what will?" And so on for quantity. Capitals are Ross's.

Facing title-page are cuts of a Bryan medal and bust. "No Cross of Gold. Free and Unlimited Coinage of Silver. Are you ashamed of your gallant young leader? If not, hang up his portrait."

No one cares about Prof. Ross's "views on the Silver Question." It is his method of expressing them that is objected to. The book as a whole may be taken now to show what the rude West thinks a college professor should not do. It may be what several prominent Eastern authorities think he should. And it is the key to all the rest. Prof. Ross is a man of clean life, of great brilliancy, a lecturer and writer of force, and of many other virtues which have been most generously stated by President Jordan. But he lacked judgment, taste and balance, and did not learn them. That he was dismissed, reinstated on probation in a minor place, warned, patiently tried for nearly four years, and finally in despair but quietly beheaded for good, is matter of record. He asked his retirement to appear voluntary; and to that end the kindest words were written for him that a generous man could write in the glow of consideration caused by Prof. Ross's manly attitude and desire to go out quietly. He then fell under bad advice, evidently—the beginning of the plot—changed his mind and launched a newspaper war; which has since been directed, however, by some one of more continuity.

COOLIE IMMIGRATION.

I venture also to predict that not one of the hasty tribunal took pains to find out anything about Prof. Ross's speech on Coolie Immigration. As they build great and unconcealed hopes upon it, and indorse it as a chief cause of Mrs. Stanford's "dissatisfaction" with their client, and blame her for being dissatisfied, it might have paid them to take the trouble to inquire. The closing phrase of that speech as reported in the San Francisco *Call* of May 8th, 1900, runs:

"And should the worst come to the worst, it would be better for us to turn our guns upon every vessel bringing Japanese to our shores rather than to permit them to land."

Prof. Ross's expurgated edition, indeed, omits this; but if he has denied the expression his denial has escaped me. He certainly has not denied it to Mrs. Stanford or to Prest. Jordan. And it chances that both of them read the *Call* version. Strange that this unreasonable old woman should "take this seriously"! We have high Eastern authority that she ought to be thankful to find such judicious professors in the University to which she had consecrated not only all her money but her memory of a dead husband and son. Strange, too, that Prest. Jordan—who had all the advantages of Eastern culture for 40 years, and ranked high while he stayed where culture moveth itself aright—strange that he should not have enjoyed this deliverance of one of his faculty, and told Mrs. Stanford that this was precisely the sort of thing which would receive support in the highest educational centers!

For the class of people who charge Mrs. Stanford with undue love or venal interest in "coolies," I could not think of printing my opinion. The Dennis Kearneys are not discussable. As to those who think the imputation of such language creditable to a professor, it is not even worth while to have an opinion. As to the action of those who have taken no sincere pains to discover the truth, but who have jumped to conclusions for the injury of their neighbor and peer, my

(A Seligman Ideal of "Economic" Dignity.) From Ross's *Honest Dollars*, pp. 28-29.

opinion is unimportant, but is at least based on the facts, and the facts are important.

As meat for what the late A. Ward called "sarkasism," perhaps nothing else from so respectable a source was ever so juicy as the Seligman report. If it has to wait its turn, patient waiters are no losers. In fullness of time it will be possible, even in these narrow pages, to come to some of the chief characteristics of a procedure so peculiar. For one thing, perhaps "academic freedom" was never before held to include the violation of a woman's correspondence.

But this is not all. Even if you keep your job you gain nothing. If wages trail after prices, there are some things that trail after wages. House rent, fees of doctor or lawyer, taxes, all manner of salaries, the transportation charges for every article in the retail market—these remain on the former level after your wages have fallen. So that for everything the workingman gets from the classes behind him he pays more than he ought to. We have only to remember that many of these payments are concealed in the prices of the groceries or dry goods he buys, to perceive that lower prices at farm or factory do not at once mean cheap groceries, or fuel, or clothes, or furniture for the workingman. So that the wage-earner's interest, like that of any other producer, must always be not with the APPRECIATING gold dollar, but with the HONEST dollar bimetallism will give.

The argument that the workingman can grow fat while falling prices are crushing the life out of his employer does not fit easily in the mouths of men who have always told the workingman that the only way to benefit him was by making his employer prosperous by a protective tariff.

We insist that this whole question is A MATTER OF JUSTICE—of simple, strict and elementary justice. The American wealth producer should not be the object of mawkish sentimentality or blubbering philanthropy. The bread poultices and little pills of charity he abhors. He wants NOT ALMS, BUT OPPORTUNITY. To the well-meaning men who offer him help, but deny him justice, he says—as said the sturdy Diogenes to Alexander: "Get out of my sunshine."

Philanthropic Goldite. "Well, my friends, I am sorry to see you this way. What can I do for you?"
Producers. "Just get out of our sunshine."

Another example of what Profs. Seligman, Gardner and Farnam, and 15 Leading Economists deem the proper expression of an "Economist's" mind and manners. From Ross's *Honest Dollars*, pp. 62, 63.

An abstract of the Seligman "committee's" report was printed in the Associated Press newspapers; the official document can doubtless be had of Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, Columbia University, N. Y.—for the gentlemen have gone to the expense of a 15-page pamphlet entiled

"The Dismissal of Professor Ross. Report of
"Committee of Economists."

The report starts with a bad foot forward: "The committee, *appointed at the meeting of the economists* in Detroit, December 28, 1900, to inquire into the causes of the dismissal . . . . . have *earnestly endeavored* to learn the facts of the case." Italics mine, of course. Here in precisely four lines are two statements which, to say the least, might have been more honest. To the average reader who does not know the sacrosanct minutes, this of course means that the "committee" was appointed by *the* meeting of "the economists"—namely, the meeting of the American Economic Association. Possibly Columbia, Yale and Brown have Professors of Political Economy so unworldly as not to be aware that that meaning would generally attach to their words. Of course the "committee" was not so appointed. How it did come into this world, itself knows; but the official Association does not, for it was not accouched.

The "committee's" definition of "earnest endeavor" is at least optimistic. Possibly they have crossed words as my six-year-old did at a national convention of the Christian Endeavorers: "Papa, who *are* these Christian Endevilers?" If a little scandalmongering and a few dictated letters are Earnest Endeavors, what qualifying term would the gentlemen have left for the process of asking a railroad pass, taking a plush Pullman and Coming to See? Possibly that would be Frantic Endeavor in their vocabulary. Throughout, the report is as disingenuous; but for the moment I can consider only a few of its farther-reaching qualities. Of course the most impudent and generic assumption of the report is its statement (p. 6).

"There is evidence to show: That Mrs. Stanford's objections to Prof. Ross were due, in part, at all events, to his former *attitude* on the silver question and to his *utterances* on coolie immigration," etc.

I do not charge these gentlemen with dishonesty; but if they know so little of language as a tool of precision, they could learn something to their advantage by attending the very good English department at a Western university known as Leland Stanford, Jr. I have italicized "attitude" and "utterances," because these words are abused; if not with intent to deceive, at least with that inevitable result. There is no evidence whatever that Mrs. Stanford opposed Free Silver or favored Coolie Immigration. There is no evidence that she objected to anyone's having an "attitude" on these things. There is no evidence that she cared if anyone had two or three attitudes on them—as Prof. Ross did successively. There is abundant evidence—though the "committee" does not know a word of it except by hearsay—that she objected to the *kind* of attitude Dr. Ross assumed, as hereinbefore illustrated. There is also abundant evidence that Prest. Jordan objected—and acted. But with as fine disregard of the English language as of several other things, the "committee" sedulously spreads the charge that the objection was to a professor *having opinions* and expressing them. And this is the tide which has swept away the better men who have leaned too far on the Seligman triumvirate. Perhaps now, gratuitously presented with a few of the crucial data they should have sought for themselves in the first place, these gentlemen may have the faint flush of an idea that possibly they were a trifle swift to believe, prejudge and report evil of

California *qud* California. They certainly would not have dared follow the same procedure as to Harvard. At least, before "tackling" that dean of Universities, they would have made sure to be appointed. But they thought they could make their point—and what it was I shall consider — upon the Barbarous West with perfect safety and not much care. They had, I think I may say, a certain professional object in view; and with untraveled innocence they thought to "try it on the dog." Stanford was to be a deadly warning to all nearer and more timorsome college presidents not to dare discharge any rattlebang incompetent who might belong to the Economiats—the first realization of Prof. Lawton's golden vision of an Amalgamated College-Puddler's Union. Herein I stray. As to Stanford I give facts. Of the Seligman performers I know only their average work and standing and their present fall. My remark is merely theory; but one I feel competent to defend for several minutes.

Since it is the Seligman gospel (which I deny except as toward its authors) that a meddlesome strange outsider has full right to cross-examine your private affairs, there seems no vital reason why I may not as well subpœna the Seligman "committee" as it could summons the administration of Stanford. The University answered them politely to the effect: "Who may you chance to be? As human beings we inform you we are not guilty; but as a court we deny your jurisdiction." The same, and less politely, my summoned witnesses may retort and be welcome. My concern is not with them. The only audience worth addressing in this case is that of people who use common sense in their mental processes and common manhood in their overt acts. I shall merely outline the cross-examination. Better people may apply it. Nor should refusal to answer be taken as a proof of guilt. It may be merely that a dose of their own medicine meets "the contempt it merits." I shall not ask one question idly nor in the attorney's spirit. There is reason and information back of every question.

Mr. Seligman for some reason deems it essential to "add [p. 10] that Dr. Ross is neither the instigator of this letter nor aware of its contents." Will the gentleman be frank enough to state, as to this letter and his whole procedure, the same as to Dr. Howard?

And, by the way, where does Dr. Howard come in? Why is his name not breathed in this report? Doubtless the "committee" knows that he is a much abler and stronger man than Ross. Even the "committee" may have heard that he was dismissed from Stanford University specifically for what he said about Ross. If they are so concerned about "Academic Freedom" why not rally to its larger martyr? If they must support Ross, why not support the man who supported Ross with more sincerity and at a harder price? They make the largest ripple they ever made in America, by championing Ross. Dr. Howard threw away his life position. Mistaken and ill-judged and intolerable as his act was, it was as much more sincere and manful than theirs as the later progress of the case proves him abler. They can write reports, but he can steer men. Why not a word for him? Is it that the "committee" was "appointed" to consider Ross only? But we may be sure the same good-natured power would have "appointed" it to include Howard also. Can it be possible that there is a limit to "Academic Freedom;" and that by no fault of their industry the "committee" discovered that Dr. Howard had passed it? Or is there a more intimate debt? Is it perhaps at the request of a collaborator that the much larger case is not mentioned at all? I have no amanuensis; but as these words will be forwarded, marked, to the gentlemen involved, they may be taken for quite as direct as their typed cross-examination of Prest. Jordan.

Did Mr. Seligman, having written the letter given in his appendix under date of Jan. 30, follow it with a telegram within a day of the time in which the letter could possibly reach Stanford University: "When can we expect answer? VERY URGENT. Wire Reply, Collect"? If so, why did he not include it in the pamphlet as proof how "earnestly" he had "endeavored"? And why Very Urgent? Any connection with the fact that it was on the eve of the National Educational Association Convention, and that Prof. Seligman wished to be on hand at that convention and use Stanford as a rod *in terrorem?* If this was not the reason, and the only assignable reason, for Very Urgency, will Dr. Seligman kindly inform us what reason he did have? His pamphlet, certainly, would have been just as valuable in 1905 as it is now. And Truth is never breakneck. "The eternal years of God are hers." Even Academic Freedom would probably "keep" in Eastern January and February weather. The chief ammunition of Dr. Seligman is a letter from Prest. Jordan—or, rather, extracts from such a letter without context or verification. That letter is not to Prof. Ross. It is not to Prof. Seligman—and he is careful not to state to whom it is. Will Dr. Seligman kindly explain how he came to have this private and confidential letter, and how he came to think he had a man's right to use it, not in self-defense but in a volunteer case it shall eventually be patent (if it is not already) that he knew nothing about? I think I know how this stolen copy reached him; but I shall never know how he came to use it. If he cares to know the theft I will inform him in these pages.

But I would like to ask point blank on what date, about, he received these palpably stolen goods. Was it, perchance, long before his "appointment" as a "committee"? If so, why? Was he understood to be already a Standing Committee of Himself waiting for a chance to score a certain design upon the first unwary presidential head that should show itself far enough off from the Center of Culture to be safe to thwack? If he did not get this stolen letter several weeks before the parthenogenesis of his "committee," I would be grateful to know when he did receive it, and will apologize in calendar progression for every week by which my thought may have wronged him. For by just so much as one despises deviousness, one must despise to be devious. I assume, of course, that Dr. Seligman did not know what I know of this letter. But pray how *did* he think he came by a private letter from Prest. Jordan to Mrs. Stanford, and that he was entitled to use it? Had he the consent of writer or addressee? Did he take any pains to verify it as a true copy? Why did he not mention in his report that this letter is a confidential one to Mrs. Stanford? Any suspicion that men would think less of him if they knew the fact?

The Chicago *Dial* of April 1, in the sanest and highest-minded and clearest-seeing editorial I have yet found upon this muddled subject, put its finger upon another sore point in this vulnerable report—its "bluff" that it "stands ready to publish in full the letters upon which we have based our conclusions . . . if such a course is necessary to establish the truth." Such a "course" would not "establish the truth," nor even the "committee's" caricature of it; but it should have been followed at the outset. For my own part, I trust it will yet be followed. It would show, indeed, how boyishly generous Prest. Jordan can be to a man who is down. And while the "committee" could not understand how a president could praise a professor in some things and discharge him for others, that commentary is easy to supply.

And when they begin to "publish in full the letters on which we have based our conclusions," these gentlemen will be obliged to publish *all* the letters, and tell how they came by some of them. They

cannot stop at Prest. Jordan's letters. Common people will desire to see what other letters and telegrams from California assisted their conclusions. When they publish, for instance, all their correspondence with Dr. Howard, we may perhaps know how far the committee have been "guided." Let us by all means have all the correspondence—but *all*. It would make a book; but Prof. Seligman, I believe, is wealthy.

If these words are blunt, it is because Mr. Seligman and his associates have done a thing which to the average rude Westerner seems unmanful throughout, and in some points contemptible. I do not for a moment imagine they realized what they were doing; but it is well that they shall realize what they have done. A certain malice, a generic unpreparedness, and some worse features mark their act, and these are qualities which may just as well become unpopular by exposure. The whole controversy is one I regret; but it was not begun on "our side;" and as a gratuitous, wanton, ignorant and false attack has been made and followed up, the gentlemen who blundered into it may thank themselves for whatsoever bruises they emerge withal.

This is a small part of what may be said. Anyone familiar with the facts can riddle the whole Seligman report. But for the moment, this will suffice to expose the methods of the main attack on Stanford. As to the vital question, whether "Academic Freedom" is involved, I have already stated that in my opinion, based not on guesswork, but of intimate knowledge, it is not. Four men of higher standing have officially given their word that it is not—Prest. Jordan, Drs. Branner, Stillman and Gilbert. The faculty of Stanford overwhelmingly indorses this statement. It may be the token of a cultured mind in some Eastern circles (ignorant of both sides) to believe that the Stanford faculty and student-body are liars or cringeing menials—and they must be one of the twain if the Seligman report is true—but it will not seriously appeal to ordinary people. For the 1500 at Stanford are after all Americans, though they live (for the time at least) in California; and it would be hard to catch 1,500 American Scrubs all unmitigated in one spot. It is much easier to conceive that three remote and confessedly half-informed college professors had blundered.

As to the Eastern people who hound Mrs. Stanford, in due succession to the sandlotter Dennis Kearney, there may be something to say later. For the present it is enough to repeat the simple truth that she has neither "meddled" nor coerced nor done any other indecent thing in the case. A small part of the brains, sincerity and cool common sense she has used would have divided up, in the specific case, to the large advantage of several score of the gentlemen who now have the enviable position of damning her. And it is no secret that the only discussion between her and Prest. Jordan was not whether Prof. Ross must go, but how and when he had better go. Enough copies of letters were not stolen for the "committee." They have no context. They were not even shrewd enough to suspect there might be one. And instead of "pusillanimous yielding to Mrs. Stanford's tyrannical demand" for the head of Ross upon a charger, Prest. Jordan merely showed the decent courtesy any man would have shown in the like case by agreeing to her method of doing a thing he was fully convinced should be done. If the gentlemen who have unduly intervened in the case care at all to know how stupid even learned men can be in a matter they have taken no adequate pains to understand, it will be my pleasure to show them.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

IN THE LION'S DEN

Ex-presidents of the United States do not die every day. It is eight years since Hayes passed, and twice as long since a really large one did. In the death of Benjamin Harrison, March 13, the country sustains a rare loss; and it is encouraging to note how generally this fact is recognized, regardless of party lines. There have been a few greater presidents than Harrison; but in the list of 25 men he is probably the only one who grew taller after his term. A good president, he became perhaps the greatest ex-president. Certainly none of his predecessors took leading place, after their retirement, in so many capital phases of national and international affairs; and none have in any event more satisfactorily filled such place. It is only a few months since he himself humorously referred to the question, "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?"—a problem of some pertinence because it is notorious that most of the men who have survived their term became practically extinguished as lights to their country. It may have been a little their fault; it is more likely a structural improvidence of our system, that as a rule we get little national good thereafter from the men who have graduated from the highest college of statecraft our republic knows. In the eight years since he left that exigent school, Gen. Harrison has shown what ex-presidents may do with themselves pending our invention of a concerted system for the common-sense utilization of their personal talents and their specific education. Without a trace of forwardness or "push," but with dignity and sound balance, Gen. Harrison has continued to serve his country. The fruits of his learning have been made of use to national affairs. He has visibly broadened and grown in the period; and his ripened powers have given him a certain standing he did not have even in the chair. A quiet, impersonal man, cold to the pestiferous politicians, he could have been re-elected had he had half of Blaine's "magnetism." But the test of weight came when the Plumed Knight—who dazzled the public and was expected to twist the quiet little man about his finger—fell to the proof. Gen. Harrison was President; Mr. Blaine, a much sobered little Secretary of State.

We might well have hoped for another decade of this useful life, whose influence was steadily and unmistakably widening. The average life of our presidents has been a little over 70 years, even counting Lincoln assassinated at 56 and Garfield at 49. Even the two extra years to bring Gen. Harrison to the average, might have been worth much to the nation. He was better fitted than any other man to lead the conscience of his party; to be the spokesmen of such Republicans as hold by the eternal standards. The most significant feature of a useful public life was his quiet but powerful stand for the basic principles of the nation and of the Republican party. And probably there is not another man in America whose opposition to the present administration policy of conquest, colonialism and imperialism could have been so effective. The course of uncommercialized republicanism will go on. It will find its leaders. It will win.

But now it must raise up the man for the hour—since the man is gone who might best have led. Reed might, but Reed is grown fat and cynical; and other men are too old. Yet the right captain shall be found. Meantime, peace and rest to the Man we have lost.

ONE BIG STEP FORWORD. If Gov. Gage were never to do another useful thing in his term, his signing of the bill by which California will purchase and preserve the wonderful redwood forest of the Big Basin entitles him to grateful remembrance. No other measure of his administration is likely to be so far-reaching; for generations to come will cherish these stupendous groves a thousand years after our ordinary politics shall have been forgotten. Only the curious bookworm will know who did it. The very names Republican and Democrat will probably be as forgotten as are now the names of the factions of Babylon. But under those majestic aisles of such trees as grow nowhere upon earth outside of California, men will wander and thank whatever gods they may have by then. Unhappily the national government has not done so well; and its attempt to buy for a national park the Calaveras grove of "Big Trees"—incomparably rarer and grander even than the redwoods—has fallen through. Pressure should be kept up. The government should secure the Calaveras Grove. It should be shamed into doing it. Since the oldest of those sequoias sprouted, there have been ten thousand wars on earth, of which not one man in a million today can name one per cent. Hundreds of nations have risen and fallen and are forgotten. And we might stop long enough in our ephemeral affairs, and take as much money as costs to keep our army one day, and save for our children these peerless monuments of the old earth. For we doubtless would rather leave the kind of descendants who would care more for that grove than for an equivalent number of pigpens and fences already turned to dust.

BUT THE PROBLEM REMAINS. No one of good red blood can fail to like the dashing Funston's "nerve" in seizing Aguinaldo. It was a brave and a shrewd stroke. Yet they who can best appreciate the size of his achievement—out-door men—are the very ones who would a little rather the thing had been done in the usual procedure of war, by the prowess of our army of 65,000 American soldiers, and not by forged letters, a trick and the use of renegade Filipinos. The people who "do not see that that makes any difference" are mostly of the sort who never felt a scar, in a battle military or moral; and largely of a class who have made, or think to make, money out of the blood of American soldiers. It is not too much to say that all the better class of Americans will admire Funston's dash and wish no false pretenses had been necessary.

At any rate, the young president of the Filipino republic has been captured—or perhaps kidnapped would be the more exact word—and is now a prisoner in our hands. What shall be done with him will be a question of policy—certainly not of revenge. Despite the cowardly suggestions of some newspapers, he will not be shot nor hanged; nor yet drawn and quartered. The United States has not fallen to barbarism. He may be deported to Guam—for we have flattered Spain by taking from her note-book the leaf of political exile over which we were so horrified three years ago. He will doubtless be used as much as may be to pacify his people. But whatever is to be done with him, it is just as well not to blackguard him. He may be a very ordinary and stupid and unreliable young man; but it is just as well for us not to dwell too much on that. For over two years with his few thousand half-armed natives he has baffled the best generals and the hugest army the United States ever sent abroad. It is lucky there was no more to him. An enlightened self-respect leads one—

if one has it—to respect a troublesome foeman. It befits hoodlums rather than sober men to taunt and revile, when he falls into their hands, an enemy who has worried them. The young man has worried us a long time; and is taken at last, not by our arms but by a trick. Let us admit, then, that he must amount to something. As to his character, we shall doubtless know more, in time. The official documents of our own government prove that the charge of his having "sold out" to Spain are false; the fact that he has held his people is enough to prove that they deem him patriotic.

Meantime the problem of the Philippines is but begun. Even should the capture of Aguinaldo hasten the end of hostilities, it cannot bring permanent peace. Peace comes of a contented people; and no people are permanently contented under masters, no matter how wise and kind. It is still the question: what shall we do with the Philippines, and what will they do to us? We have already seen what they tend to do to us—to our ideals, our morals, our consciences. Perhaps the capture of their president may lead the Filipinos to abandon "armed resistance" to our invasion, and make it easier to do "with honor" what we must in honor do—give them their independence.

AMERICANS TO THE RESCUE.

How swiftly and how incredibly the events of the last three years have undermined and corrupted what a great many people deemed their conscience—that is, their preference to do right as long as they didn't dare do wrong—is in bitter evidence now. When we went forth to "liberate Cuba," our hands upheld to heaven to witness the sacredness of our cause, our solemn vows registered that we would make the Cubans Free and would take no advantage to ourselves, we hated the cynical Old World which put its tongue in its cheek and whispered, "How those Americans can lie!" The American who should have prophesied then that we would perjure ourselves as a nation would have been roughly handled. But now, all over the country, friends of the administration are proposing that we perjure ourselves. It is only too evident now, to any but the blind, that the secret intention of a strong directing force in our government has all along been to break our pledges. They have been feeling their way; now, emboldened with the sound of their own outspoken voices, they are pushing their way. It is the intention to betray Cuba, to coerce it, to tie its people to the chariot wheels of our exploiters, and to brand this nation with such infamy as history has no parallel for. Let us hope that the President does not realize the meaning of what he is being pushed into. But let us hope he will learn in time. There is no mistaking the drift. And though the American people have consented to many wrong things before now they will resent this. The Democratic party thought it could maintain slavery. It did for awhile. But for the last 40 years it has been wishing it hadn't. It has been shut out of office four-fifths of that time. The Republican party is a big organization; but if it thinks it can afford to swap ante-bellum places with the Democrats, it is terribly mistaken. It began in protest against a party fat and insolent with too long continuance in power. If it adopts the gospel of Buchanan, it will be toppled over by a new Lincoln. Meantime every good citizen must remember that he is responsible in his full personal share, whether this country shall come nobly out from temptation or fall under it to the last depths of moral shame.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

AS OTHERS MAY SEE US.

Doubtless there are people who will give their children *Schutze's Amusing Geography*—for in this broad land there are people who will do anything there is no law against. Unhappily we have no statute to forbid the vulgarizing of education; unhappier yet, the offenders are frequently people who mean well, and would be horrified if they could know—entirely apart from the natural wound to their vanity—how they had sinned against taste and scholarship. Mrs. Schutze's well printed volume is an almost unapproached example of this very thing. Its central idea is plagiarized from Dr. Garrett Newkirk's *Rhymes of the States*, published five or six years ago in *St. Nicholas* and later in book-form—a fantastic similitudinising of the topographic outlines of States and countries to familiar objects; but the text is sui generis. It is a curiosity in literature; and a century from now a unique copy will doubtless be used by some cynical student to show the stage of intelligence the United States enjoyed in the year 1900. And with that document in his hand, he will rout the stoutest defenders of the good old days. Here are a few sample gems:

Cuba:

"This is the shark
That lived for years
On waters dark."

The Philippines:

"This is the May Day philopena
Heaven gave the bird who saved the shark
That lived for years on waters dark."

(The "bird" is the United States, represented by a peacock.) Alabama and Mississippi are "the dress-skirt and feet," Arkansas is a profile wrong-side up; Maryland is "the monkey-wrench;" Maine, "the dress-skirt;" Delaware, "the low-cut shoe;" West Virginia, "the Vulture;" Great Britain, "A Parrot and Moukey that Can Never Agree"—and so on to the bitter end. As to the accompanying "memory songs," one will do as sample of all:

South Carolina.

Tune: *My Country, 'tis of Thee.*

"Cut one large square in four,
Start in the second one, quite near the top
Step o'er the first cross-line,
Draw past the south cross-line,
And thro' the west cross-line, but do not stop
Until you're nearly where
You're even with the square,
Then turn up north,
And make a funny bend
Right o'er the southern end;
Let your line eastward wend,
Where you set forth."

There are worse, but this is enough. It takes fortitude to confess that this book was written and published in California. It will probably sell well in the East to people who would like to prove California a good State to stay away from. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. $1.

CONCERNING CHILDREN.

Provocative sometimes of such profanity as one may allow oneself, but always provocative of thought—as is rather the habit of her writings—Charlotte Perkins [Stetson] Gilman's *Concerning Children* is as extraordinary as her other books, and in much the same ways. The same astonishing clarity and keenness of insight, the same curious occasional lapses of logic, the same cheerful sarcasm and impersonal humor, the same serene unthankfulness to mere tradition—these mark Mrs. Gilman's confident adjudication of a new theme which comes a little nearer home to the ordinary life than her other texts have come. It is rather a pity that we have no law to compel the reading of useful books; for every parent alive would be rather the better for reading this stimulant work. All parents would doubtless disagree with it some of the time, and some parents all of the time; but probably there is not a father or mother so impermeable that it would not set him or her to thinking. There is a great deal of truth in it, better said than I remember ever to have seen it said before; and there are some theories which strike me as very "funny." Or, perhaps, I should say one theory—namely, that Brevet-Mothers are as useful and as happy as She-Mothers. It is convenient, of course, to stake a child out to hirelings, to friends, to relatives—but it isn't human, and, as a matter of fact, it is the most foolish thing the only animal that can be a fool ever did. A good governess can teach a child better than a bad mother can. True for you. But to some intelligences it might seem more vital to improve the mother than to hunt the governess. Mrs. Gilman's chief illogic is in seeing what is as if it must be. She has never seen a savage mother. If she knew one well, she would learn that with all the ignorances of barbarism, the "natural mother" does better in fitting her child for its environment than any woman does who farms out her offspring to the wisest and best teachers in the world. Which is merely another way of saying that God (whatever He is) is still a trifle smarter than His self-appointed supplements. It is very good to be smart; but there is nothing else so smart, nor anything else so good, as to have children and give them what only a parent can give, and get from them what only a parent can get. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A SHREWD CALIFORNIAN ABROAD.

Easily the best book of "Mere Travel" in a good many years is the portly but wakeful octavo of *Argonaut Letters*, by Jerome Hart, the legal-minded and forth-spoken editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*. To the elect who read the weightiest and the most entertaining weekly west of New York, and who have discovered that it has lost nothing in force and something gained in poise since the death of Pixley (who was as much presumed to be the *Argonaut* as Greeley was taken for the old Tribune), it will be needless to say that anything Mr. Hart writes is worth reading. Few publications of any sort and anywhere print editorials so blent of directness, force, hard sense and an impersonal sarcasm; and these qualities are in the book.

"Mere travel" it is. Very much as they were written for his paper, from the piecemeal leisures of European travel by the conventional routes, these sketches come into book form, with some threescore half-tone illustrations thrown in, for the more enduring pleasure of many readers. They record the observations, impressions and whims of an acute, richly read, well ripened, and rather cynical man of the world. There is no pretense of exploration, study, or deep insight, no yielding to heroics or sentiment, no real concern with the specific gravities of humanity. On the other hand it is so much superior to its category as to be enjoyable to the very people who generically dislike that genus of travel-books very heartily. Mr. Hart is in error in stating that "Creole is from the Spanish *criolla*, a

child." It is from the Spanish *criollo*, which means a person of any age born in America but of European parents, and is naturally limited in general use to those of French and Spanish descent. Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. $2.

THE BEST SINCE VEDDER. The most ambitious publication of the house of Doxey, either upon the Coast or since its removal to New York, is a really sumptuous edition of the Rubaiyat, decorated and illustrated by our California girl, Florence Lundborg. As Mr. Doxey has always been noted for the good taste in which his books are dressed, this is saying much. It is, indeed, the best edition since and excepting Vedder's classic work. The volume is a comfort in the very "feel" of it—ponderous, substantial, double-paged (and not to be cut), super-calendered, and in a sounder cover than many books get nowadays. It is a most attractive setting of this Persian classic. The version, of course, is Fitzgerald's; and with it are included lives of Omar and his chief translator, notes, and poetical appreciations by Justin Huntley McCarthy and Porter Garnett. Miss Lundborg's share in the beauty of the volume is large. If too palpably after Aubrey Beardsley, that

"Black-&-White (& scattering) Tarquin
Of luckily quite Impossible Shes,"

her decorations are firm, refined and well balanced; full of good promise for the time when she shall fully outgrow these obsessions and crystallize a style all her own. Wm. Doxey, at the Sign of the Lark, New York. $5.

INDIANA AS A CENTER. Instead of being a novel, as one might surmise, *The Hoosiers*, by Meredith Nicholson, is a strong brief for Indiana as a Means of Grace. It is a loyal, sectional, optimistic, but scholarly study of (mostly) the intellectual side of the Hoosier State. And it makes out a good case, though not all its literary estimates are tolerable even in a State-Pride volume. By what authority, for instance, does Mr. Nicholson say that "as a picture of Aztecan Civilization *The Fair God* is accurate"? As a matter of fact, notorious to all Americanists, Gen. Wallace's romance of Mexico is as silly and untruthful in history and local color as it is interesting to the reader who knows no more of Mexico than Wallace does. Mrs. Wallace's book, *The Land of the Pueblos*, doubtless would not have been mentioned had Mr. Nicholson been aware that it is one of the most absurd books ever printed on a much-abused theme. But barring these roseate estimates, *The Hoosier* is an interesting and instructive piece of special pleading. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. $1 25.

A SOBER STORY OF THE WEST. George Bird Grinnell, whose sober and substantial work on Indian and Western themes is well and honorably known, now prints a boy's book of the same category—*Jack Among the Indians*, a sequel to his *Jack, the Young Ranchman*. Mr. Grinnell is not dramatic, and does not seem to care to thrill. But this book (very much after the fashion of his other books) is as sober as if the whole story really happened. It is worth while for a boy to read the sort of Western adventure that might actually be; and anyone may safely trust Mr. Grinnell. He knows his country and his people, and tells of them not inspirationally but very much like a quiet record of a real experience. The book is good reading and safe "color." It is lamentably illustrated by E. W. Deming, who can neither draw at all nor at all annotate the West. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. $1.25.

INDIANS AND THEIR HERBS. A learned and admirable paper is David P. Barrows's *Ethno-Botany of the Coahuilla Indians of Southern California*, printed by the University of Chicago. Dr. Barrows,

now in Manila as Superintendent of Public Schools, is a valued contributor to these pages, and one of the few serious students of California ethnology. His treatise shows deep research in the field and in the documents. There is no justification, however, for spelling the tribe-name "Coahuilla." No one would know the real pronunciation from that spelling. The Spanish ll *never* has the sound of y, even in the most ignorant slurring. If Dr. Barrows wishes to put "Kow-*wee*-yah," as he says is the commonest Indian pronunciation, into Continental form, he should write it Cauhuía. His present spelling would be pronounced, by anyone familiar with Spanish, Coh-ah-weél-ya.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

Mr. Doxey has never been accused of being "anyone's fool," and his imprint on *Smiles and Tears from the Klondyke* does not indicate that he has so changed of late as to perchance his money on so amateur and worthless a book. The turn of the title page indicates that it is published at the proper risk of the author, Alice Rollins Crane. The only thing in the book worthy of comment is Mrs. Crane's statement that she went to Alaska as "Special Commissioner of the Bureau of Ethnology." If she did, she should tell the Bureau, which is still ignorant of the "fact." Any person on earth can send material to the Bureau; if the material is worth anything the Bureau will publish it. But it will never publish anything by Mrs. Crane.

LOVE AND THE BOERS.

The Fugitives, by Morley Roberts, is a curiously dove-tailed story of love and the Boer war; colored, evidently, with considerable personal knowledge. The best of the story is in its dealing with the escape of the hero from Pretoria with his lady-love's sister's sweetheart, whom he rescues from the war-prison; but there is a certain humor in the English prologue—and the most vivid character in the book is "Clara," the innumerable-kinds-of-a-fool-sister, who precipitates the plot and plays false to it and to everyone else. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York; C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. $1.

TWO-SCORE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

In a closely-printed book of 550 pages and many portraits, Mary Howitt gives a reasonably full and informative account of *The Queens of England*, from the Norman Conquest to Victoria—a long list of forty-one women of many nationalities and many natures, most of whom have found enough unhappiness in the white light that beats upon a throne. It is, indeed, curious to note how generally tragedy has entered into the lives of the Queens of England. The book is interesting in many ways. B. S. Wasson & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

ST. IZAAK, PATRON OF FISHES.

In a fat, comfortable book of nearly 500 easy pages, broad type and excellent paper, the Macmillans publish a dignified and desirable, yet notably cheap, edition of one of the books that never wears out—old Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* and his *Lives* (of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson). To this day nothing takes the place of this learned and gentle philosopher's rambling discourse of two hundred and fifty years ago. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. $1.50.

"O, sick sorrows of a powerless soul! O, life sapped in stagnant miasms!" cries Florence Brooks Emerson in a pretty little book named *Vagaries;* and after reading the book one inclines to agree with this vagarious diagnosis. What ideas the book has are as crude as its attempts at Spanish—"Donna la Patta," etc. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.

An attractive and interesting book on *Newfoundland*, by Rev. M. Harvey, is printed and issued "with the compliments of the government" of that long oppressed but now progressive island. Not quite so large as Ohio in area, Newfoundland has about 210,000 people. Its transinsular railroad, 548 miles long, was completed in 1898; and now St. Johns, the chief city, has an electric street railway. The cod, lobster and seal fisheries amount to $7,000,000 annually, and the agricultural products to three-quarters of a million. The railroad will greatly promote farming in the hitherto rather inaccessible interior. Copper, iron and coal are abundant. Maps and many half-tones add to the value of the book. South Publishing Company, New York.

Moral Culture as a Science is the rather misleading title of a worthy and earnest book by Theoda Wilkins, M.D., and Bertha S. Wilkins, the latter a contributor to these pages. Moral culture is a long way from being a science, and has no serious hope to lessen the distance appreciably and soon. What the title really means to say is "Moral Culture as a Study." With this reservation the little book is helpful and suggestive in its dealings with the need of teaching morals to children. The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco. $1.

Mark H. Liddell, of the University of Texas, an associate editor of the "Globe Chaucer," issues a learned and workmanlike school edition of Chaucer's *Prologue, Knightes Tale*, and *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, edited in critical text; with an elementary grammar of middle English, and notes and glossary. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. 60 cents.

Bulletin No. 19 of the California State Mining Bureau is a very valuable and rather exhaustive review of the *Oil and Gas Yielding Formations of California*, by the expert W. L. Watts. It gives maps, half-tones and data of the industry which of a sudden has developed to such great proportions in this State.

Mark Twain's superb article "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" has been reprinted from the *North American Review* in a neat pamphlet. It is a document every American should read, and anyone may have it free by sending a stamp to Edward W. Ordway, 150 Nassau street, Room 1520, New York.

Among the serious "Studies in Literature" of the Columbia University Press, the latest issue is Henry Osborn Taylor's *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages;* a learned volume of 400 pages. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. $1.75.

Victoria, Maid—Matron—Monarch, by Grapho (J. A. Adams), is what its title implies. Advance Pub. Co., Chicago. 50 cents.

R. H. Russell, New York, publishes an attractive pictorial souvenir of Maude Adams in Rostand's drama of *L'Aiglon*. 25 cents.

Dr. Albert Abrams's *Nervous Breakdown* is a sensible little book. The Hicks-Judd Co., San Francisco.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

A VIEW OF TRANSPORTATION.

BY PAUL MORTON.

THE nineteenth century has passed away. It was glorious, because during its period civilization made more progress than during any other five centuries that preceded it. It was famous for its great men, some of the most illustrious of whom were identified with, and responsible for, the great improvements in modern transportation. I refer to Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat; Morse, who perfected the telegraph; Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive; Bessemer, the father of the steel rail; Bell, the pioneer in the telephone; Edison, with his harness for electricity; Pullman, who made traveling a luxury; and Westinghouse, who made it safe.

All great generals have succeeded partially because they recognized the importance of easy transportation for troops and munitions of war. Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon and Washington were builders of good roads, and today the best roads in Europe are those that Cæsar and Napoleon constructed. In those days the struggle for supremacy was conquest by the sword.

The twentieth century has been ushered into existence, and in its very dawn we find a struggle, not for the acquisition of new territory, not for the subjection of foreign countries, not a crusade to introduce a new and better religion, but a struggle between the great nations of the earth for a supremacy in industrial pursuits and to supply the markets of the world. The contest is at present between England, Germany and the United States. The struggle is intense, and we Americans believe it can end in but one result. For years we have furnished a large share of the surplus food of the world. We have, just at the end of the nineteenth century reached the conclusion that we should be the workshop of the world. We have an abiding faith that we possess the raw material, can pay better wages, make better goods and sell them for less money than any other nation on earth.

We believe we are more ingenious, can perfect more useful inventions, have more efficient labor, and are capable of more energy than either of the great empires with which we are contending. I believe that the great industrial combinations, the so-called trusts, are to be the most potent agencies in assisting this country to secure the largest share of the world's markets; and I am of the opinion that on account of these mammoth industrial amalgamations, victory for the United States will be much quicker and much more certain than if we had to depend upon private individuals and partnerships to do the work.

Mr. Chas. R. Flint, of New York, in an address delivered last December in Chicago, said (respecting these large concentrations of industry), that a combination of muscle is a labor organization, a combination of money is a bank, a combination of intelligence a university, and that the so-called trusts or industrial combinations are nothing but a combination of the three, muscle, money and intelligence. None of them can be successful without benefiting the component parts.

The nineteenth century has frequently been referred to as the Age of Transportation. Distribution is the handmaid of production.

Mr. Morton (son of J. Sterling Morton, of Cleveland's cabinet) is Second Vice-President of the Santa Fé system, and in charge of its traffic, and is one of the strongest and soundest of the younger railroad men in the United States. This paper is from his address at the annual banquet of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Feb. 22, 1901.—Ed.

Bacon said, "There are three things that make a country great: fertile fields, busy workshops, easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place."

There is no occasion for the United States to apologize for its transportation facilities. With a population of one-twentieth of the people of the world it enjoys nearly, if not fully, one-half of the entire railroad mileage. The evolution that has taken place in the transportation of this country during the nineteenth century was remarkable and unparalleled in the history of men. Commencing the century with the ox team, the stage coach and the canal boat and closing with the Pullman vestibuled train de luxe, the fast freight, the electric car, the automobile, and the ocean liner that crosses the Atlantic in five days, covers much that has enabled this marvelous country of ours to take a foremost place among the nations of the globe.

In the year 1800 it cost $100 to move a ton of wheat from Buffalo to New York. The regular rate is now $1.50 per ton, and it has been carried for one dollar. Think of it—you can now travel with luxury farther in one hour than you could with great discomfort have traveled one hundred years ago in an entire day. Then you paid twenty-five cents per mile for traveling by stage coach, without baggage; now we are bringing home-seekers from the East into California for approximately one and one-quarter cents per mile, or about one twentieth of the old rate.

It was during these good old days that they used to sell three classes of tickets all at the same rate, the only difference in conditions of tickets being announced by the stage driver on arriving at a hill, who would then say, "First-class passengers keep your seats, second-class passengers get out and walk, third-class passengers get out and *push*."

Our railways were not a very long time since owned largely outside the United States, but during the world's panic that occurred in 1893, our British, German and Dutch friends discovered the necessity of selling something, and the only things in their tin boxes that they could sell without too much sacrifice were their American securities. They dumped them upon the American market; and notwithstanding the financial strain and the depression that we were suffering from, our American financiers mustered pluck, courage and money enough to buy them. They were bought at bargain prices. The advance in them has been stupendous, but it is worth a great deal to feel that we are not only blessed with the most improved and the cheapest transportation in the world, but that our railroads are owned by our own people.

The value of the railroads of the United States amounts to over one-fifth of the total wealth of the country. You cannot unjustly legislate against the largest of American industries without causing general depression.

If we succeed in capturing the markets of the world for American manufacturers, it will not be long before enormous strides will be made in our ownership of transportation by sea. It is no credit to us, producing so much of the world's freight as we do, to have allowed ourselves to have been so woefully distanced in the world's shipping.

The demonstration we made with our navy in our recent war with Spain, and the story of the "Oregon," of which California is so proud, indicates that we are on the threshold of a great change in this respect. No foreigner doubts our ship-building ability.

What does the twentieth century hold out to us? With an invincible position as a producer of more food-stuff than we can consume, with enormous improvements in our workshops, with undoubted prog-

ress in our shipping and with the greatest determination to succeed, the twentieth century promises much.

It promises that we may witness the transfer of the world's counting-house from London to New York. It promises that early in its period the gigantic financial schemes of the globe will be transacted in America. It promises, provided we keep our heads, that the United States shall be the wealthiest, the happiest and the most enlightened nation in existence.

Today railroad rates in this country are lower, both passenger and freight, than anywhere else in the world, and the service rendered is superior.

Some time ago, in an article I wrote, I predicted that one of three things would come to pass in the railroad business:

First—That pooling between railroads would be permitted by an Act of Congress; or

Second—That the unification of ownership would come; or

Third—That the Government would take over the railroads of the country and operate them.

The public, which has set its face squarely against and has so far obstructed, and will probably continue to prevent, the first proposition, will be chiefly responsible for the concentration of ownership which is making such marked headway; and when it becomes apparent that the railroads of the country are controlled by a few syndicates the clamor for the third proposition will undoubtedly be the most vigorous from those who have been the loudest in lifting their voices against pooling.

Of the three propositions I much prefer the unification of ownership. To a certain extent, a railroad is a natural monopoly and should be treated as one. Unrestricted competition is destructive. It is anything but the life of trade, and the natural result of wide open, unrestrained competition is the removal of it by the survival of the fittest or by amalgamation.

I believe in the equality of rates. I believe they should be reasonable, and when I say reasonable I mean just to both the shipper and the carrier. The transportation charges of the country can be very properly likened to a tax. Nobody escapes them. They cannot be dodged in a civilized community. There should be no preferential rates. The very foundation of our national property is threatened by unjust discriminations in favor of the rich man or large shipper and against the poor man or small shipper. I believe in the stability of freight rates. They should be as unfluctuating as the price of postage stamps.

How would the merchants of Los Angeles regard it if the merchants of San Francisco could buy their postage stamps for less money than is paid here? How would a system of lower Custom-house duties for San Diego than for Los Angeles be regarded? Under similar circumstances and like conditions, all transportation rates should be on an equality as between shippers.

I favor the unification of ownership because I believe that, operated under central systems, the service will be much improved, the rates more unfluctuating, but lower, and that wages will be better maintained than in any other way. I believe that there will be fewer preferential rates, more equality, and that on the whole the country will prosper by such a condition. There has been more money wasted in the railroad business than in any other American industry.

I believe that labor will be better paid, because it is the history of railroads that the large roads pay better wages than the small ones. Labor expects better treatment from large industrial iustitutions than from small ones—and usually gets it. Public opinion and legislation

demand more of a large corporation in all directions than is expected of small ones.

Take the Atchison system as an example. It is composed of over 100 different small companies. The unification of ownership has been steadily going on for twenty-five years. Within the past year we have acquired three or four new railroads from 75 to 400 miles long. In every case, the employés of these roads benefitted by advanced wages in coming in under the Atchison schedules of wages, and in some cases it amounted to an increase of 25% in pay.

I am opposed to government control and operation of our railroads. It can be done better with less cost by private enterprise. I am unalterably opposed to mixing the transportation business with politics. I am opposed to creating a huge political machine out of our railroads. I believe it would put us on the highroad to revolution. I question the economical operation of anything by the government. I believe that the average American citizen takes a somewhat disinterested view of governmental extravagance, unless he or his community is to profit by the expenditure, in which case he takes off his hat and hurrahs for the appropriation.

In Germany the State owns and operates the railroads, and the rates are much higher and the service much inferior to ours. Besides, they have found it necessary, in order to apportion the traffic properly, to pool the earnings.

I believe that were private parties to operate and manage our postoffice department the service might not be any better — it would be as good—but there would not be a yearly deficit of millions of dollars in that department. I believe it could, by private enterprise, be put on a self-sustaining basis, instead of showing a deficit. The postoffice department only pays the railroads for carrying the mails 28 per cent. of the receipts, while the express companies pay 50 per cent. In the first case there is a deficit of over eight millions per annum, and in the second there are regular dividends to the stockholders.

I much prefer unification of ownership to government control; but if the latter is ultimately found necessary or desirable, the concentration of ownership will simplify the transfer to Uncle Sam.

During the nineteenth century we have expanded. Are you aware that our commerce with China began just 127 years ago today—that the first sailing vessel to the Orient in the Chinese trade left New York on Washington's birthday, 1774?

There are millions of acres of arid land, much of which is tributary to your city, that can be reclaimed, provided the governernment gives it proper attention and will pass the necessary laws and make the necessary expenditures for reservoirs, etc., to store the water. It is in no sense paternalistic. The government owns the land and will get all the benefits of any improvements; and without them it is good for nothing and cannot be sold.

Over 90 per cent. of the population of this country is east of the 98th meridian. We are all interested in changing this. The cities of the Pacific Coast can never hope to rival the great cities of the Atlantic until they are fortified with a population tributary to them. We should bear this in mind and work for proper legislation.

I congratulate you and California on the remarkable development of your oil fields. It bids fair to be your greatest industry. It will supply you with cheap fuel and enable as a manufacturing State.

Condense your products where you can. It means less tonnage for the carrier, but it means not only a producer's profit, but a manufacturer's profit, with occupation for thousands in California.

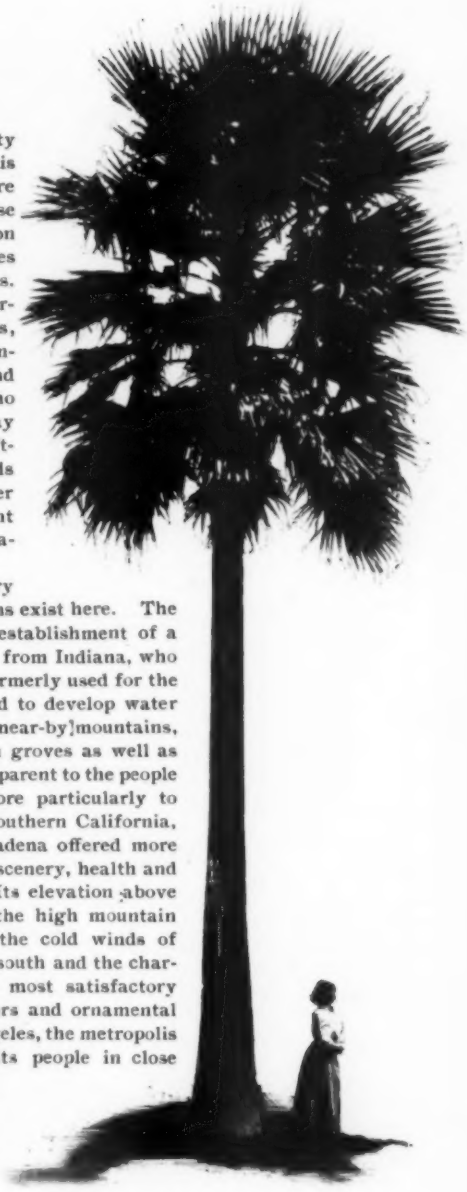
If the community that a transportation company serves is prosperous, the railroads will also prosper. No carrier ever lost money by having too opulent a constituency.

PASADENA.

THE CITY OF HOMES.

BY C. D. DAGGETT.

THE true standard of a city as a place of residence is the intelligence, culture and morality of its people. These qualities find visible expression in its churches, schools, libraries and the appearance of its homes. Well kept streets, homes surrounded by lawns and flowers, residences whose architecture indicates study, refinement and individuality, mean people who appreciate and are willing to pay for these things. It is the oft-expressed opinion of hundreds who have traveled the world over that no place is more preëminent in these particulars than Pasadena, California.



A brief inquiry into its history may reveal why these conditions exist here. The city had its beginning in the establishment of a colony of fruit-growers, chiefly from Indiana, who acquired a large area of land formerly used for the grazing of sheep, and proceeded to develop water from the natural sources in the near-by mountains, and to plant orange and lemon groves as well as other fruits. It soon became apparent to the people of Southern California, and more particularly to Eastern people sojourning in Southern California, that all things considered Pasadena offered more natural attractions of climate, scenery, health and beauty than any other spot. Its elevation above the sea secured it from fogs; the high mountain ranges to the north kept off the cold winds of winter; its gentle slope to the south and the character of the soil insured the most satisfactory results in growing fruits, flowers and ornamental trees. Its proximity to Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California, kept its people in close touch with the world and its affairs and pleasures. The short distance to the grandest mountain scenery and to the

EAST HALL.—THROOP POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

Pacific ocean afforded every opportunity for frequent, rapid and inexpensive change of scene and climate. Its climate is so equable that it is still a contention whether it is more lovely in January or August. These things so impressed people that the change from a sparsely settled colony of fruit-growers to a thriving city was made in a wonderfully short time.

To be more concise, Pasadena is a city of 10,000 people, distinctively American in character. It is situated on the high mesa at the base of the Sierra Madre mountains, at an elevation of about 850 feet above the sea and at the westerly end of the San Gabriel valley.

Stretching away to the east and south into this valley and along the foothills are fruit ranches, with comfortable homes and prosperous

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
"GARDENS OF FLOWERS."

people. Through this large district beautiful drives lead in every direction through groves of orange, lemon, lime, guava, pomelo and loquat, and orchards of peach, apricot, plum, fig, prune, nectarine and other deciduous fruits. Long avenues of tall trees, frequent reservoirs with spouting water, gardens of flowers and well kept lawns combine to make the district an inexhaustible source of pleasure, while the changing seasons of the year bring variety of foliage, flower and fruit.

Pasadena is nine miles north of Los Angeles, the entire distance being practically built up with homes, and is connected therewith by three lines of steam railroad and a well equipped double track electric road. These roads operate more than 100 trains a day

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
EAST HALL.—THROOP POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

ON THE MT. LOWE RAILROAD. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

each way. The cost of transportation is 25 cents the round trip, ten single trips for $1.00, and still lower monthly commutation rates. It is about twenty-five miles to the sea, and costs from 50 cents to 70 cents a round trip, and requires about one hour and a half to make the distance.

The main business streets of the city are paved with asphaltum, and many miles of streets stretch in every direction, having cement sidewalks and curbing, stone gutters, and well rounded, graveled surfaces. The city is well sewered by a system that includes a sewer farm of 300 acres some miles distant from the city, and is being rapidly enlarged as the growth of the city demands.

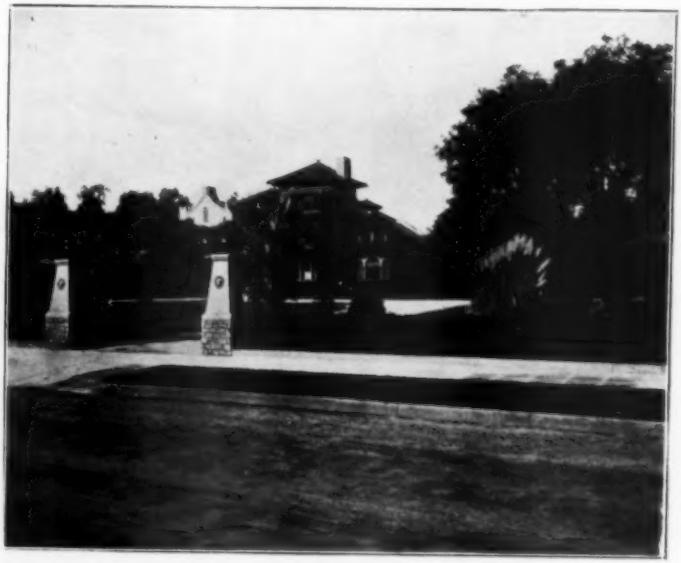


Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
"AND WELL KEPT LAWNS."

Pure water is brought from the mountains in steel pipes and distributed from covered cement reservoirs, and is ample for all demands and reasonable in cost.

Pasadena has church societies of nearly every denomination and church edifices of the finest architecture, with large congregations, and pulpit orators of the highest order. There are probably few cities where the proportion of population who regularly attend church is as large as it is here.

Pasadena is very fortunate in its educational facilities. The public school system is up to date in every particular. The school build-

SAMPLES OF PASADENA'S ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TOURIST OR VISITOR. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

SAMPLES OF PASADENA'S ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TOURIST OR VISITOR. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

ings are commodious, well arranged and conveniently located, and are made attractive by large, well kept grounds. Over sixty teachers are employed, in grades from the primary through the high school, and there are nearly 2,500 pupils. Pasadena's public schools received a diploma from the World's Fair, held at Chicago, awarded "first, for comprehensive display of school work, and second, for good training and methods." Here, again, the high class of the people shows itself to a marked degree in the character of the pupils, thus relieving the public schools from the danger of evil associations so common in most cities. Free kindergartens are maintained by an association organized for that purpose.

Throop Polytechnic Institute holds a high place among the educational institutions of California. It offers full grammar school, high school, college and commercial courses, its engineering and science departments being especially strong. Full courses in manual training are maintained; shop-work in wood and metal for boys, and cooking, dressmaking, etc., for girls, being provided for in rooms expensively equipped with machinery and appliances; while high-grade art-work is done in drawing, painting, wood-carving and clay-modeling, and there are departments for training teachers of sloyd and for grammar school students. It has a faculty of thirty teachers and an enrollment of nearly 400 pupils. It has two brick buildings which, with their contents, are worth $100,000. In such a school the mind of the pupil is directed into many avenues of thought and investigation which may result in the selection of a successful occupation for life. The more manual training in connection with the ordinary school curriculum is tested, the more satisfactory it is proven to be. Pupils are received from both the Pasadena High School and Throop Polytechnic Institute into the University of California and Stanford University without examination, and from Throop Polytechnic Institute pupils are also accredited by most of the Eastern colleges.

There are a number of high-class private schools for pupils of each sex.

There is a large, rough-stone, public library building containing 15,000 volumes, that would attract attention in any city. During the last year 145,000 volumes were taken out by patrons.

The Pasadena Board of Trade is an organization of about 200 members, with rooms on West Colorado street, devoted to forwarding the interests of the city. The Secretary of the Board will always furnish information in regard to Pasadena.

There are many social and literary clubs. The Pasadena Country Club has a beautiful clubhouse on a commanding location, with extended views of valley and mountain, and extensive golf links, tennis courts, shooting-ranges, etc.

The Valley Hunt Club is an old and famous social organization, with a beautiful home overlooking the Arroyo Seco.

The Twilight Club is an organization of men that meets once a

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
MIDWINTER SPORTS AT THE PASADENA COUNTRY CLUB.

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
MARENGO AVENUE, PASADENA.

month, and discusses matters literary and philosophical around the banquet board.

The Shakespeare Club is a club of women with a large membership, and devoted to the advancement of women intellectually.

The Pickwick Club is a club of business men along the lines generally adopted by such organizations.

There are fraternal organizations of all sorts, including the various orders of Masons, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, etc.

Much the same business and professional life is here that is in other similar cities. All branches of commercial business are represented by firms of well established standing, who are able to com-

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL.

pete successfully with the merchants of Los Angeles. There are four banking institutions that have ample capital and do a large and successful business.

Gas and electricity are furnished at reasonable rates, and there is a telephone service with about 700 subscribers. The streets are well watered during the dry season. There are two daily papers, each publishing a weekly edition. The cost of living is about the same as in the East; some things are much cheaper, others higher. It may be stated that the absolute necessaries of life for a family may be had for as little money as in any place in the country.

The outlook for the near future of Pasadena seems to be very flat-

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

tering. A new city charter has recently been adopted along the lines of modern American municipal government. The disposition of the people is in favor of a liberal policy relative to public improvements, and the general prosperity prevailing on this coast all combine to insure an era of progress. No saloons are allowed in the city. The same things that make Pasadena attractive as a place of residence induce thousands of Eastern people to pass the winter months here. For their ac-

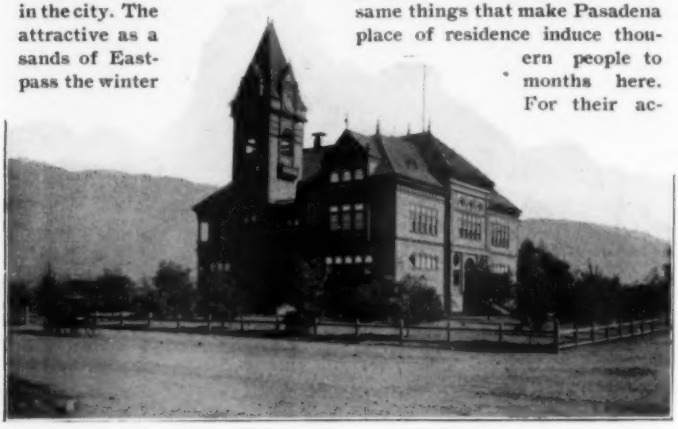


Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

ONE OF PASADENA'S GRADED SCHOOLS.

commodation there are hotel facilities of the best kind. The Hotel Green ranks as one of the finest hotels in the United States. Beautiful in architecture, strictly modern in all its appointments, and elegant to a degree that is rarely surpassed, it meets the demands of those who are able to enjoy the highest luxury of living.

The Hotel Pintoresca is a large hotel occupying a commanding site, and has many patrons who annually make it their winter home. There are a number of first-class small hotels and boarding-houses that have an established reputation and please their patrons. There are also furnished houses to be had, many of them sumptuous in their appointments and attractive in location and grounds.

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

One of the winter attractions that has a national reputation is the Tournament of Roses parade and festivities on New Year Day. This festival has been given every year for twelve consecutive years with increasing fame and interest. The day is given over to the joy of the climate. A floral parade in which no artificial flowers are permitted, stretches out for a mile or more. No man, woman, or child, horse or vehicle is allowed in the parade unless decorated with flowers. Every variety of equipage, from a bicycle to a six-in-hand tally-ho coach or imposing float is to be seen. Every device of art or whim is indulged in.

RAYMOND AVENUE, PASADENA—THE HOTEL GREEN ON EITHER SIDE. Photo by Crandall, Pasadena.

Handsome prizes are offered for the most artistic and elaborate floral decoration, and thousands upon thousands of people are in attendance to witness the event. The whole pageant is grand and beautiful, and once seen remains in the mind of the beholder as a pleasant recollection. In the afternoon amateur sports are indulged in for the amusement of the thousands who picnic under the live-oak trees and enjoy strawberries and other fresh fruits galore.

There are miles of phenomenally attractive roads for riding and driving. Golf links are maintained by the Country Club, the Hotel Green and the Hotel Pintoresca. Nature provides the inexhaustible attractions of the mountains, their cañons with waterfalls and wealth of ferns and flowers, and the mountain peaks from which may be seen views of imposing beauty. From their base stretch the foothills and the valleys with cities and towns, away down to the mighty Pacific, and the islands far out at sea; the long lines of white surf breaking upon the shore, and the moving ships and steamers floating upon a sea of glass, while to the north as far as the eye can reach are mountain range after range with valleys thousands of feet deep between. And all this may be seen over the Mt. Lowe railroad, in comfort and

ease. This road is a noted achievement of engineering and railroad building, and no visit to Southern California may be considered quite complete without enjoying a ride over it.

The summit of Mt. Wilson is reached by horse or burro over an easy trail winding up the mountain side and along the ridges of the spurs, forming a continuous panorama of grandeur and beauty. There is fishing in the mountain streams, and fishing in the ocean for the leaping tuna, the mightiest of game fishes, and an almost endless variety of other game fish; there are ducks on the little lakes near the ocean, and quail, pigeons and other birds in the mountains, on the foothills and in the valleys. Truly health and pleasure are stored here in abundance for all who will partake.

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
"THROOP" COACH IN TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, PASADENA.

There is an excursion frequently indulged in by tourists that is truly novel. Leaving Pasadena over the Mt. Lowe railroad in the morning an hour and a half brings one to the snow-clad drives near Alpine tavern, where a snowball fight and sleigh ride are enjoyed, then returning to the orchards of Altadena oranges and flowers are the order, and later at one of the many seaside resorts a refreshing bath in the ocean prepares for a good dinner and the opera in the evening.

It is the natural inference of Eastern people who spend the winter in Pasadena that a climate so salubrious and at times warm during

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
OUTSIDE ONE PASADENA HOME IN JANUARY.

the time of year which is uniformly cold and disagreeable in the East must be hot and uncomfortable during the summer months. I wish to say without reservation that the summers in Pasadena are almost uniformly cool, and the nights invariably so. In fact most residents prefer the summer to the winter for health, comfort and pleasure.

INSIDE ANOTHER. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

It is fortunate for Pasadena that the conditions existing here have attracted so many men who brought with them the mature results of a successful life—men who have achieved position, reputation and wealth, as the measure of their ability, and whose influence is so valuable both at home and abroad in behalf of the welfare of the city. This class of citizens is bound to increase as others find how valuable this climate is in its rejuvenating effects upon worn out energies and the prolonging of physical vigor. Certainly no other locality offers such a guaranty of lengthened opportunity for enjoying the results of a successful life.

New enterprises are constantly launched to meet the demands of a

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
MILLARD'S CAÑON, NEAR PASADENA.

rapidly growing population, and opportunities for capital and employment come with them.

The stern realities of life meet with competition and struggle. Brains, brawn and money win in the fight the same as they do the world over.

The patient independent rancher, the prosperous merchant, the successful professional man, the shrewd capitalist and all the various occupations of life, find their reward the same as in other localities. But the sun brings more health and loveliness, the tedium of life finds more varied and comfortable relief. The heart and soul find

Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
A BUSINESS CORNER IN PASADENA.

more natural food for development than elsewhere. There is a mystic spell that holds one who once yields allegiance to the charm of living in this land. Its beguiling influence subdues the love of old associations and friends; even family ties weaken under it. A half a loaf with the joy of living is better than a feast eaten in darkness. Drawbacks there are; no person or thing is perfect, but as a dear old preacher had it, "It isn't perfect, but it is the best there is."

AT TWILIGHT. From the Painting by Wm. Keith